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A GRAY DAY.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Forth from a sky of windless gray
Pours down the soft, persistent rain.
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss, now makes my pain.
Being far from me this autumn day—
So far away.

Upon the waters void and gray
No floating sail appears in sight—
The dull rain and the humid light
No wind has any heart to spite,
This dreary, weary, autumn day,
With love away.

Where she is may skies not be gray,
But sunlight thrill the vital air—
Ah, were she here, or were I there,
Skies might be dull, or might be fair,
And I not heed, so she this day
Were not away.

No gull wings out 'twixt gray and gray,
All gray, as far as eye can reach;
The sea too listless seems for speech,
And vaguely frets upon the beach,
As knowing she this autumn day
Is far away.

Ah, like the sea my life looks gray—
Like a forgotten land it lies,
With no light on it from her eyes,
Lovely and changeful as those skies
'Neath which she walks this autumn day
So far away.

But they shall pass, these skies of gray,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss and makes my pain,
Shall turn my gray to gold again,
Being not, as now, that future day,
So far away.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

YES, May Halley, I ought to be very bitter and angry with you; but I cannot, for when I think, it seems to me that I might perhaps have been your mother."

"My mother!"

"Yes, your mother, child; for in the days gone by your father would have made me his wife. But that matters nothing now. I came to tell you of your cruelty to my poor boy, who has gone to his death."

"But, Mrs. Anderson," exclaimed May, "it cannot be as bad as you say."

"Child, it is worse, I tell you. These men buy wretched old ships, patch and paint them up, engage good sailors to man them, and send them to sea—to their death."

"Oh, impossible!" cried May.

"Impossible? It is done, I tell you, and known to many, but no one interferes; and when one more bold than the cowardly people who look on at the wholesale murder interferes, and cries boldly to the country, 'This should not be,' he is told that it is impossible; he is cried down as an enthusiast, charged with interference with that which he does not understand, and kept back when he calls for proper inquiry."

"But are you sure that this is true?" cried May earnestly.

"My son has told me, and he never lied," said the old lady, in a stately way.

"It is too dreadful!"

"Too dreadful, child, perhaps; but, none the less, true.

"I give you my son's words — the words of the dead, for he will never return. I read his thoughts when he said good-bye. He knew only the character of the ship in which he had madly engaged to sail."

"But why did he go?" cried May.

"Because you drove him to it," cried the old lady; "because you made him mad by your coldness. But he did not know when he engaged himself that it was in one of Mr. Philip Merritt's ships that he was to sail unto his death."

"But, stop a moment," said May; "are you sure of this?"

"Did I not tell you that my son told me?" retorted the old lady.

"Sure? What become of three of Rutherby's ships last year? You never heard? No, nor any one else; they sailed from port, and were never heard of more. And do you know what that means, child? No, you could never have painted it in its right colors, or you would not have engaged yourself to a man who could join in such atrocities. Yes, you may well cry," she continued as May half-turned away her streaming eyes—"you weep at the thought of it; but what must have been the agony of those watching mothers and wives who saw those that they loved set sail? Poor common people, my child; but they have the same feelings as you have, and perhaps suffer more sharply, for they have not the wealth that plasters so many sores. They watch and wait, and watch and wait, till every hope is crushed out; and then at last their poor few shillings go in what might have been bought at first—a piece of crape."

There was silence for a few minutes, broken only by a sob from May.

"See here, my child," continued the old lady, more gently, as she held one of May's hands in hers, and softly stroked it, after pointing to her weeds—"see here, I have no need to go buy mourning, for I wear it now. This was for my poor husband, who sailed away, happy and light-hearted, to battle with the treacherous sea.

"He had all that good owners could supply—a stout new vessel, and good crew; but he never came back.

"What then can I expect for my son, who has gone with all as bad as bad can be? Oh, my child, my child, you've broken his mother's heart!"

In a moment, the cold, almost harsh, dignity of the old lady had passed away, and she was on her knees by May sobbing over the hand she tightly clasped.

The tears fell fast, too, now from May's eyes, as she rested her other hand upon the thin, bent shoulders of her visitor, whom she raised at last and led to a couch, seating herself beside her, and trying to whisper comfort; as with hot, wet cheek bearing witness to her emotion, she whispered, in broken words—

"Indeed, you wrong me. I never treated Captain Anderson as you seem to think. I always met him as a friend and visitor. He took me by surprise—I did not know—"

Mrs. Anderson sat up, and pushed back the loose white hair that had escaped from beneath her cap.

"My child," she said, "I came here ready to curse you for your cruelty to my poor boy, and you make me feel as if I could do nought but bless.

"I was angry and very bitter against you; but think how a mother must have felt. I do not wonder now at his despair. But, tell me, child," she half whispered, as she drew May towards her, and kissed her cheek—"do you think, if it were possible that my boy could come back, you could—"

May started from her, the color once more flashing to her forehead.

"Mrs. Anderson, you must not ask me that. Only believe this of me, that I never intentionally hurt the feelings of——of your son. Please believe me now, for I am——I am not well. You have told me much that I did not know. Papa could not know it either."

"He knows it, child; but he will not believe it. But I'll go now—back to my lonely home, to pray for his safe return; or if he come not back, that He may take me where I may see him once again, for I shall have nought to live for then."

She rose to go, then stopped to pick up a bow of crape which had become detached from her breast. May stooped first, and held it in her hand, while the old lady gazed searchingly in her face.

"Good-bye, child," she said at last, as she laid her hands upon May's shoulders. "Had he lived, I do not think, after all, you would have been half good enough for John; but I'll kiss you, and may God ever bless you!"

The tears sprang to May Halley's eyes; and, putting her arms round the old lady's neck, she warmly returned the kiss.

Mrs. Anderson trembled as she turned to go, saying once more—

"I'll go and pray for his return; and if, child—if you could—"

"Yes," said May, simply, as she divined the wish but half expressed—"yes, I'll join my prayers to yours."

"For him?" said the old lady.

"For him and all his crew—for all poor sailors on the sea; and pray that God may bring them safely home. No," she added, sadly, as Mrs. Anderson held out her hand for the bow of crape—"no, not now. I'll keep this, and send it to you when your son comes back."

"And if he should not?"

"If he should not!" repeated May.

"Yes, child; and if he does not come back?"

The color once more suffused May Halley's cheeks, as her eyelids dropped, and she whispered, softly—

"I'll wear it for his sake!"

The next minute Mrs. Anderson was descending the stairs, muttering slowly to herself—

"And I came to curse her with a mother's curse!"

Her worn old face looked very soft and sweet, years seemed to have rolled away as the soft light of love suffused it; but the next minute it was bitter, hard, and stern, and her eyes, yet wet with emotion, flashed fiercely as she slowly swept by Philip Merritt in the hall.

* * * * * *

"Wasn't it Shakspeare as said 'Ignorance is bliss,' Master John? But, there, it don't matter who said it, ignorance is bliss. Just look at our chaps, as rough a scratch crew as was ever got together, sailing in this old tub without so much as a grumble!"

"Don't speak ill of the bridge that carries you well over, Jerry," said John Anderson smiling. "We've walked over it safely into Hong Kong here, and landed our cargo dry and sound — what more would you have?"

"What more'd I have? A good deal, I'd like to go to my hammock feeling safe. If you was ashore now, would you take longings over a powder magazine? Not you! And by the same token, I don't like sailing in a ship that may go down at any moment."

"There, don't croak, Jerry," said Anderson, trying to assume a cheerful aspect; but it was a failure, for disappointment and the anxiety of his voyage had made him age so, that thin threads of white were beginning to appear at his temples. "Don't croak, old fellow—we've got here safely."

"Got here safely! Why, we couldn't help getting here safely. Look at the weather we've had. Why, I could ha' sailed one o' them old Thames barges here, with a boy for crew. Yes, we've got here safe, and no thanks to nobody but the clerk of the weather."

"And we shall get back safely, Jerry," said John Anderson, leaning over the taffrail, and looking down into the water of the harbor.

"I don't know so much about that," growled the old man. "If it warn't for you burn me if I wouldn't buy a good, stout bamboo stick, tuck up my trousers and walk home."

"Do what?"

"Walk home! There, you needn't laugh; 'taint such a very long way, if you make up your mind to do it, and what's more, the country chaps—the Chinees and Tartarees, and others, would give you a lift now and then. I'd find my way, if I made up my mind."

John Anderson, for the first time for months, laughed aloud, to his mate's great annoyance.

"I don't care," he growled; "all you've got to do is to steer doo west, and you must come right sooner or later."

"There never mind thinking about that," said Anderson. "All being well, we'll sail the Victrix up the Thames a few months hence."

He turned round, and went down below; while Basalt to show his disgust, spat about the deck in all directions.

"An old beast!" he growled. "She's too bad for a breaker's yard. Look at that," he grunted, "and that, and that."

As he spoke, he gave a kick here and a kick there, at cordage, anchor, chains, bulwarks—anything that came within his reach.

"As for them Rutherbys, hanging's too good for 'em. I know what I'd do with the beggars, I'd set 'in afloat in their own ships, and if they came back safe I'd forgive 'em."

It was as Basalt had said, the weather had been glorious, and from the time the Victrix had left the Downs till she entered Hong Kong harbor they had had nothing but favorable breezes to waft them to their destination.

Certainly the vessel did not look so spick and span as when they left the Thames; for the sun and wind had played havoc with the bright paint, which had peeled off, leaving the old ship in a state which exposed the patching and plastering she had received.

A week passed, during which much had been done, and John Anderson was looking anxiously forward to the time when he could start again, and get well on his return voyage; for somehow of late the old despairing feeling had grown weaker, and hope had done something towards restoring the tone of his mind.

"It was my own fault," he told himself, again. "Here am I admitted into the presence of a gently born and nurtured girl, and I behave—how? Like a savage," he said, bitterly.

"Well, and how are things your way?" said Anderson, one day, after a general overhaul of rigging, standing and running, previous to the start for the long voyage home.

Jeremiah Basalt thrust his hands deeply into his pockets, walked to the side of the vessel, and began to sprinkle the water with tobacco juice. After which he walked, or rather rolled, slowly back to his commander, stared him in the face, and began to whistle.

Anderson waited for him to speak; but as no answer came, he then repeated his question.

Basalt stared all the harder, if it were possible, and whistled a little louder. At last he spoke——

"How's things your way?"

John Anderson looked at the dry, screwed-up visage before him for a few moments; and then he, too, began to whistle softly, turned on his heel, and then walked slowly away.

He glanced round once, though, to see what caused a sudden noise; but it was only Basalt, heavily slapping his thigh, as he muttered to himself—

"Had him there! Hadn't a word to say for himself. How's things, indeed! Why, they couldn't be worse. There aint a bit of new rope that ain't spliced on to a bit of old; and what's the consequences? why—as the Scripter says about the new wine in the old bottles—it'll all go to smash. My stars, I wish I was safe home alongside the old missus."

John Anderson had expected no good news; but he had found everything he had examined so bad that one word of encouragement would have been a blessing.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW MR. HALLEY WAS BULLIED.

MR. TUDGE sat on the hollowed top of his stool in Halley's office, with his mouth pursed up and his face looking very fierce.

He was a little round man was Mr. Tudge. As he sat upon the top of his high stool, it required very little stretch of the imagination to fancy that nature had just been playing at cup-and-ball with his little round body and had caught him in the cup. He was a very estimable little fellow; but his grizzly hair would stick up like bristles on the top of his head, and he would have himself shaved so dreadfully clean all over the sides of his face and under his chin, that, every evening regularly, he looked as if he had had the lights and shadows of his countenance stippled in with little dots by an engraver.

Mr. Tudge had been clerk at Halley's from the very commencement of that business, and had grown clerky in the extreme. He was very wise in business matters, but most ignorant respecting himself. For instance, if unable—being only but five feet two inches high—to reach a paper or book from a shelf, he would salute a six-feet clerk with, "Are you any taller than I am? If so, try and reach that down." He hardly seemed to conceive, either, that he was any older than he had been forty years before; and certainly never for a moment doubted that when he grew old he should retire from his duties and take to gardening at Barnes. Being so clerkly, the interest Mr. Tudge took in other people was either compound or shipping interest, and he always spoke of matters from a shipping point of view.

Mr. Tudge was sitting at his desk, frowning and angry, awaiting the coming of his principal.

He held a heavy ruler in one hand, as if prepared to knock some one down, and with the other he stabbed the desk with a penknife.

He evidently felt that such a thing was possible, for he had curbed himself by sticking a pen across his mouth.

But he flushed very angrily as he glanced from clerk to clerk, one and all of whom scribbled away furiously.

He had not long to wait before Mr. Halley came in, looking rather worn and anxious; and his coming was greeted with a stab of the penknife in the desk, and an imaginary blow giving with the ruler at some person or persons unknown.

In a few minutes there was the sound of a bell.

A clerk answered it, and then came to summon Mr. Tudge to his principal's large room.

"Well," said Mr. Halley, "what news this morning?"

"Bad."

"How bad?"

"You ought to have been here yesterday."

"Well, I know that," said Mr. Halley, "but I am poorly and worried, Tudge, and I stayed at home."

"You have heard about the Victrix, I suppose?"

"What, Rutherby's ship? No; good Heavens!—what?"

"Gone where she was expected to go," said Tudge, quietly.

"Ah, to China," said Mr. Halley, apparently relieved. "Was the arrival noted or spoken?"

"Gone to the bottom," said Mr. Tudge, bringing his ruler down bang upon the table.

Mr. Halley sat looking at his clerk for a few minutes in silence—a cold clammy dew making itself felt the while upon his forehead.

"It's—it's very dreadful, Tudge."

"It's—it's abominable, sir!" said Tudge, angrily. "And do you know who's gone down in her? Why, of course you do—Jack Anderson, the lad I loved like a son, sir; and it's all your doing, for letting him go."

Mr. Tudge made no scruple about rubbing a tear out of each eye, as he snatched a chair forward and sat down.

"Don't talk like that, Tudge," said Mr. Halley, huskily.

"It was a bad job, certainly; but the young man was presumptuous, and worked his own ruin."

"I'm not going to quarrel about that," said Mr. Tudge, hotly; "but I know what I know, poor lad! But hark here—here it is per telegram: 'Queen steamship—picked up boat's crew of Victrix of London—men in the last stage of starvation—left captain and mate on board—ship couldn't float an hour.'"

"Then, she may not have gone down Tudge," cried Mr. Halley, anxiously.

"Not gone down!" echoed his clerk. "Hark here, sir. 'Loss of the ship Victrix. The White Swan, Bombay to Alexandria, reports passing a quantity of loose spars and timber, with portions of the cargo floating, in long.——lat.——many of the bales being marked Victrix.

"The next day a boat was picked up stove in, with 'Victrix, London' on her stern.' There you are—there's no doubt about it. Three thousand pounds' worth of teas consigned to you. You would give the order."

"Yes, Tudge," said Mr. Halley, mildly, "I would give the order."

"But, I told you."

"And I wouldn't believe it,"

"And you don't now."

"And I don't now."

"But it's true, I tell you sir," insisted Tudge; "it's the common talk now, everywhere."

"I don't listen to common talk, Tudge. Common talk is slander, and I won't hear people's characters taken away.

"The goods are lost; but they were well insured, and it will be paid."

"Yes," said Tudge, "it will be paid; but I tell you what, sir, if you don't drop all connection with those people, your name will smell as bad as theirs.

"The underwriters are setting dead against you."

"Let them," said Mr. Halley.

"They won't look at the Emperor and the Laura."

"Very well," said Mr. Halley; "they can do as they please."

"And you'll have to underwrite them yourself, the same as you did the Merry May."

"Very good," said Mr. Halley, smiling in an awkward fashion; "then I'll insure my own ships."

"And send 'em to sea with poor captains, same as you did the Merry May."

"Mr. Simmons is a very good seaman," said Mr. Halley.

"Bah!" exclaimed Tudge; "he'll sink her or run her ashore.

"She'll never come back. I dreamed it last night."

"Hold your tongue, Tudge! I won't be bullied this morning. I'm not well."

"If I hadn't bullied you any time these thirty years, James Halley, you'd have ruined yourself, and so I tell you."

"Well, well, Tudge—we won't argue that. What else is there?"

"Isn't that enough for one morning?" said the old clerk, plaintively.

"Three thousand pounds lost in those people's ship!"

"But well insured."

"Yes," said Tudge; "and that fellow Longdale advised me to insure for four thousand. He knew she'd go down I'll swear."

"Don't say any more about it. We insured for the proper value, did we not?"

"Yes, of course," said Tudge, stoutly, "and always have.

"But poor Anderson wasn't insured, and you can't replace him. He wasn't Manchester goods, nor Brummagem neither, poor lad. If ever there was a bit of true steel, it was he."

Mr. Halley turned uneasily in his chair.

"You never ought to have parted from him, Mr. Halley—never.

"He'd have sailed the Merry May to good fortune; while now, now—I know it as well as if it was all over—she'll never come back.

"A hundred thousand pounds that means of our hard-scraped-together money, and all, James Halley, because you will be proud, and obstinate, and won't listen to those who know what things are."

"Tudge, you'll make me angry directly," exclaimed Mr. Halley, peevishly.

"I can't help it, Master James, I must talk this morning; and who's a better right to talk to you, when he sees things going wrong, than your old clerk, who has helped you for forty years to build up your house? Mark my words, James Halley, if the Merry May is lost—as I'm sure she will be—we're ruined, absolutely ruined; for your credit will be gone, and how can we get on without a good name?"

"Tudge, you'll drive me mad," exclaimed his exasperated employer.

"No, I won't; but I will give you the spur," said Tudge. "I don't want to drive you mad—I want to bring you to your senses.

"Only fancy our house ruined, and all through connection with the Rutherby's. Oh, Master James, do—pray do be warned in time! They've got a bad name; but they won't stick at trifles, and so make money."

"It's all a lie, Tudge."

"It's all true, Master James; but people daren't speak for fear of being called up for libel.

"You can't get on with a bad name—it's ruin to you; because we're a good, upright house, and wouldn't do a shabby thing or send out a ship short-handed. A good, honorable house like ours, with its very great expenses for good things, can only live with its name brightly polished. If there's a speck of mud thrown at it, it's all loss."

"But there is no speck of mud on it now, Tudge."

"I tell you there is, sir," said Tudge; "and not a speck, but a big dab of mud; and the underwriters see it, and they hold back—all but the speculative ones, and they want great premiums.

"I tell you, sir, the brokers are beginning to whisper; and if you don't mind, that whisper will become a shout, a yell, a howl, a chorus of shrieks that will kill us."

"Don't, don't, don't, Tudge!" cried the old man.

"What is the good of running half-way to meet troubles that may never come?"

"Run half-way, indeed! why, they're all close here," exclaimed Tudge, bringing down his ruler upon the table. "It'll be ruin, James Halley—ruin: and if it does come to it, there's my five thousand pounds I've got in houses at Barnes—you can have that; but it will only be like a drop of water in a pail, compared to what you want."

"My dear Tudge," exclaimed Mr. Halley, reaching across the table to shake his clerk's hand warmly, "I know what a good old friend you are; but you are imagining all sorts of unnecessary troubles this morning."

"Not I," said Tudge, sadly. "All my hopes have been in this house, and I feel as strongly about it as if it were my own. It aint the money I care for—what's money, after all? It don't matter how much you have, you can't wear more clothes at once, nor eat more mutton, nor drink more sherry than if you have just enough to live on. Having money don't keep the doctor away from us."

"No, Tudge, nor yet trouble."

"No, nor yet trouble," said the old clerk, gloomily.

"Mr. Halley, sir, if that ship, the Merry May, don't come back again, I shall—"

"What, Tudge?" said Mr. Halley, smiling.

"I shall go home per cab," said Mr. Tudge, solemnly, "make out an invoice of my effects, which will be disposed of and the money given to the poor; then I shall have a last glass of grog, and smoke a last pipe."

"Last ones, Tudge?" said Mr. Halley, smiling.

"Yes, last ones," said Tudge, wiping his eyes; "for I shall have nothing to live for. Jack Anderson's dead, and the business ruined; and there'll be nothing more for me to do but say my prayers, and hang myself with my braces."

"Don't talk in that way, Tudge," said Mr. Halley; "it is wrong, even in jest."

"But I'm not jesting," said Tudge.

"What do you think May would say to you, if she heard you?"

"Ah, what indeed!" said Tudge; "but I should be obliged to do it.

"But I say, sir, surely you never mean to marry that dear girl to that young scoundrel, Merritt?"

"Tudge!" exclaimed Mr. Halley, angrily, "I will not have Mr. Merritt spoken of like that. Why, confound it, sir, may not I marry my daughter to whom I like?"

"No," said Tudge, stoutly, "you mayn't. You've no right to let her be made miserable for life."

"Pish!" ejaculated Mr. Halley.

"Taint pish! nor pshaw! nor pooh! nor tut! nor any of them," exclaimed Tudge.

"Have you nearly done bullying me, Tudge?"

"No, sir, I have not; though perhaps I shall never bully you again. Look here, you know, sir. You're such a fine, honest, upright man that you won't believe any one you know to be a scoundrel."

"No, of course not," said Mr. Halley good-humoredly.

"Now, look here, Tudge. Suppose some one was to come forward and to say to me, 'Look here, Mr. Halley, there's that fellow, Tudge, feathering his nest at your expense. He's embezzling thousands.' What should you think of that?

"Well—well—" said Tudge, taken aback, "I don't know."

"You wouldn't like me to believe it?"

"No, of course not."

"Then why should I believe ill of somebody else?"

"Ah, come now, look here," cried Tudge, recovering himself; "you're an eel, that's what you are—a slimy, slippery eel. You are trying to wriggle yourself out of a difficulty; but you see, I just give you one crack over the tail, and there you are done for." And he brought down the ruler again, bang.

"Suppose somebody did say I was swindling you. What would you do, or what ought you to do, eh? Why, come and examine my books thoroughly; and when you'd done you'd say, 'That man's a liar and a scoundrel. That man ought to be transported who tries to take away another man's character. Why, the books are square to a cent.'"

"To be sure" said Mr. Halley. "Then how about Merritt's character and Rutherby's? You're condemning yourself out of your own mouth."

"Mr. Halley, you're oeling again," said Tudge. "You're coming the slippery, slimy eel, and you've got over that crack on the tail I gave you; but it won't do. Here's another for you." Bang went the ruler. "There's some one—ah, a lot of some ones tell you that Rutherbys are rotten, and that Philip Merritt is a scoundrel."

"Tudge I won't have it!" said Mr. Halley angrily.

"They say—Rutherbys—is—rotten, and—Philip—Merritt—a—scoundrel;" said old Tudge again, in measured tones, and enforcing each word with a bang from the ruler upon the table; "and what do you do?"

"Say they're a set of slanderous rascals," cried Mr. Halley, excitedly.

"To be sure you do," acquiesced Tudge: "instead of going and metaphorically examining their books—seeing into their characters! James Halley, you're a blind mole, and a deaf beetle, and an obstinate mule, as well as an eel; and I won't stand by and see you ruin the finest old shipping trade in the port of London—the trade we made; and I won't stand by and see that dear girl thrown away, without raising a voice against it. I don't care, I will speak—I'm up now; and I'd talk now to anybody, because I've got right on my side. I know I should have liked to see John Anderson have her, and I'd have left them my bit of money; but that's all over now. You'll want that, and you shall have it when you like; but speak I will, and tell you to your face that you've murdered a lad that I looked upon almost as my own boy; and now you are going to ruin the business, sell your own child into slavery, and make me hang myself in my braces!"

During the first part of this speech Mr. Halley had been angry; next he grew puzzled; and lastly his face wore a half-amused expression, as he rose, with a sigh and a weary look upon his face to say—

"There, there, Tudge, let it rest now; we've had enough for one day. I'm not angry."

"But I am," said Tudge, sticking the ruler under his arm, and making the most of his height.

"Well, perhaps so; but we are too old friends to quarrel. Hush, here's one of the clerks!"

"Mr. Longdale and Mr. Merritt wish to see you, sir," said the man.

"In a minute, Smith," and the man disappeared.

"Take care—pray take care, Mr. Halley, sir. The wolf and the fox come together—pray—"

"Tudge, you're going too far," said the old man, angrily, and he rang the bell for the admission of the two members of Rutherby's ship-owning firm.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE "VICTRIX" BEHAVED IN A GALE.

CARGO Complete, crew aboard, the last coolie out of the ship, and the sound of Pigeon-English heard no more.

"Confound their jabber!" cried old Basalt, "I'm sick of it. It's for all the world as if you took a bucketful of English and a bucketful of Chinese, and poured 'em into a cask, stirred 'em up with a capstan bar, and then swallowed it by spoonfuls. I gets that savage when I hear them jabbering and chattering, and smiling out of their crooked eyes at you, that I could cut their tails off, and stuff 'em down their throats. And yet, I dunno, they're about the innocentest-looking chaps I ever see. I don't think I could hit one on 'em werry hard."

John Anderson's spirits rose as the soft winds wafted them homewards, with studding sails set alow and aloft.

Hope was evidently very busy with him, and Despair, with her lowering; black wings, farther and farther away.

When he reasoned with himself, and told himself that his aspirations were mad, and that which he wished impossible—that he had had his final dismissal, he owned that it was so, that there was not the most faint prospect in life for the realization of his desires; but he hoped all the same, and walked his deck with a step daily growing more elastic.

"There, Jerry," he said one evening, after they had made a tremendous run through the bright, creamy waves, that softly foamed under the favoring gale—"there, Jerry! what do you think of things now? Will you come for another voyage in the Victrix?"

Basalt screwed his face round, so as to look at his captain, without moving his body.

"We aint finished this here yet."

"No; but see how nicely we are getting on."

"Now, look here," said Basalt, slowly. "Do you for a moment think as this here sort o' weather's going to continue?"

"Well, no," said Anderson, smiling, "I can't say I do."

"Nor I, my lad; and when the foul comes, then look out."

Another week passed, and still the winds favored their return; and the Victrix, heavily laden though she was, rose over the long swells, and forced her way homeward, like some large sea bird eager to gain its nest.

"Home, home, sweet—sweet home," hummed Anderson, as he leaned over the side, and thought of the parlor where that pleasant old face would be bending over some piece of work, to be every now and then raised in a far-off look, as its owner wondered where "my son" might be, and breathed a prayer for his safety.

A smile played round John Anderson's lips, but there was a moisture in his eye. Soon, though, a troubled look swept over his frank memory as the scene at Canonbury came back, and with it the recollection of whose was the ship he sailed, and its state.

"And if I do get back in safety," he muttered, "if I don't expose this scandalous state of affairs, I'm no true man. I would not have believed it, that human beings who call themselves men—gentlemen, would send their fellow-creatures afloat in such a sieve as this, just to make money. Good Heavens! it's frightful;"

He took a few steps up and down, and then went on. So engrossed was he with his feelings, that he did not notice Basalt, who was peering anxiously ahead.

"I can hardly believe it, at times," continued Anderson; "and if it were not that we are having weather in which the frailest craft might—"

"Below there! Pipe up, boatswain," roared Basalt through his hands; and, directly after, the shrill whistle was heard.

"We'll have a bit of this canvas off her at once," continued Basalt, coming up to the captain. "Look there, and there."

John Anderson saw immediately the necessity for executing the order; and, all hands being called up, the stunsails were had in, then the royals were lowered, and by the time they were taken in a complete change had come over the sea, which, from being bright and glorious, now looked leaden and murky. Instead of the pleasant full breeze, the wind came in puffs—hot, as if from a furnace door.

Orders were given quickly, and the top-gallant sails were soon down; but before the mainsail could be taken off the ship, a squall struck her, and split it to ribbons, while the vessel keeled over, and her fate seemed sealed.

It was but for a minute, though; the squall passed over, and an ominous calm ensued.

The ship righted; and now, for the first time, Anderson felt how short-handed he was.

He knew that at any minute now, another and a fiercer squall might strike them; and, if so, what would become of the ship? Sending Basalt to the helm, though, he seized a speaking-trumpet, and shouted his commands to such effect that, ere the next squall came, topsails and storm jib only were set, the former reefed; and the sails left unfurled were let go, to flap and beat about in the wind.

"Look out, there!" roared Basalt. "Send me another man here to the wheel.

Before Anderson—who ran himself—

could reach him, down came the storm with a shriek and a roar, laying the Victrix on her beam-ends.

The wheel flew round, hurling Basalt to one side; but he was up again in an instant and clinging to the spokes.

Anderson reached him, too; and as the ship righted, she answered her helm, and, paying off, literally flew before the wind, with her loose sails splitting into ribbons.

"There's too much on her by a mile," roared Basalt in Anderson's ear; but the words had hardly passed his lips before the main-topsail split with a crash, heard above the din of the tempest, and two minutes after was literally ripped from the yards, and blown away.

It relieved the vessel, though, which had been running, nose down, shipping sea after sea, which swept the decks, carrying all from them.

The noise was deafening; but, more by signs than by voice, Anderson issued one or two more orders, whose effect was to throw reefs into the other sails, beneath which the vessel forced her way through the murky sea.

Half an hour before it was broad daylight—now they seemed sailing through a thick fog of spray, swept from the summits of the boiling waves; while as far as the eye could reach, all was one field of lurid foam.

Crash! A wave leapt over the quarter, swept along the deck, and cut its way out through the rotten bulwarks, followed by another and another: casks, hencoops, and the jolly boat went with them, while on the vessel flew.

"Stick to her!" shouted Basalt to Anderson, as they fought with the sea for who should maintain the mastery of the helm. "We shall soon know what she's made of now."

It was a struggle for life—men clinging to belaying pins, or lashing themselves under the shelter of the bulwarks, that might at any moment be swept away. As to the sail, any anxiety that the young captain might have felt about that, the storm relieved him of, ripping one-half the canvas away as if it had been tinder.

Shriek—roar—howl! how the tempest raged! There was no time for fear in the excitement, the men seeming for the most part to be stunned.

But the storm was brief as it was violent—sweeping, as it were, over the vessel; and in an hour a dead calm had falled upon them, with the Victrix almost a wreck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ella's Luck.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

"IT never rains but it pours!"

Ella Bowen quoted the well-worn saying in a very rainy-weather sort of voice, and handed a letter to her husband.

"He had just come in from his day's business, and his face had a shadow on it, too, although he spoke cheerily: "Don't look so doleful, Nell. We are not any worse off than we were a month ago!"

"I know that! But, oh, if we only had five hundred dollars!"

"But we have not! The next best thing is to be contented without it. Who is your correspondent?"

"Aunt Maragaret Hooper; she is my mother's aunt, but she has always been very fond of me.

"The letter is not directly from her, but from her servant, Anne Smith, who has lived with her for years. Aunt Margaret is very ill, and wants to see me."

"But it is dated Margate!"

"Yes; it will cost me something considerable to go, and yet Anne seems to think she is very ill. She is ninety-two years old."

"Rich?"

"Oh, no, indeed! She has nothing of her own, unless it may be some clothing and furniture. She lives upon an income from her son's property that goes back to his family when Aunt Maragaret dies."

"Then you must go! If she was wealthy there would be plenty of others to comfort her death-bed; but as it is, if she wants you, you had better get ready to start."

"But you?"

"Oh, I'll get along. Jane will give me my meals until you come back."

"Five years married!" Nell thought, as she busied herself about the tea-table; "and Harry is a lover yet. Perhaps if we had children we would not be so very fond of each other; but he is all I have, and excepting his sister, Jane, he has no one but me. If I only had five hundred dollars now, to give him!"

By which wish, many times made during the month just passing away, it will be understood that the Bowens had not a large bank account.

Harry was manager and head clerk in an iron establishment, the only one in Creyton, the little town where he lived. Ella had been a school-teacher until her pretty face had won Harry's love.

They had married on a narrow income, but by economy had saved sufficient to buy the small house they called home, and furnish it very prettily.

But it had taken all they could to save in those few years.

Just one month before this story opens one of the partners in the firm where Harry was employed had died, and his widow had moved away from Creyton, taking out the money that had been her husband's share of the business.

His place in the firm had been offered to Harry Bowen if he could put five hundred dollars into the business.

It was a very desirable opportunity, as the business was settled and prosperous, but Harry was not willing to sell or mortgage his hardly earned home, and the money was not within his reach in any other way.

So it came to be the refrain in all Ella's musing, and often spoken aloud, "If we had five hundred dollars!"

It was ten years since Ella had made her last visit to Margate with her mother. Her life until then had been a carefully cherished one, although she had never had possession of money.

Her mother had taught music in a large midland town, spending her summer vacations in Margate, and her income had been sufficient to give Ella every advantage of education, and to make her childhood and girlhood very happy.

She was eighteen when her mother's death—a very sudden one—threw her upon her own resources for daily bread, and after teaching music for a time, taking her mother's pupils, she had accepted the school at Creyton for the sake of country air, loving the life in the country better than the town.

Always busy, she had not been to Margate since her mother died, although frequent letters were exchanged with Aunt Margate. It was pleasant to recognize all the landmarks familiar in her childish memories, when the yearly visit with her mother was the pleasantest part of her life.

But when Anne opened the door of the little cottage home, saying, softly, "Oh, Miss Ella, dear, I'm glad you've come; your aunt's fretted much to see you," everything else was forgotten in the duty before her.

For the dear old aunt, who had always loved her bright, pretty niece, was ill unto death, with a painful illness that required incessant care.

Anne was nearly worn by months of faithful nursing, and Ella wrote to Harry:—

"If you can spare me, dear, I am sorely needed here. Aunt Margaret's children are all dead, and her grandchildren are none of them here. I have written to Gerard Cooper, the eldest of her son's children, to whom her income will return if she dies; but even if he comes here she will still need me."

It was hard nursing, incessant care, but Ella felt more than repaid by the invalid's gratitude.

Every service was so fully appreciated, met with such warm thanks, that it was a pleasure to offer it.

"Dear child," the old lady said, one day, "you will soon be released, and your good husband will be no worse for an old woman's most hearty blessing.

"I cannot pay you, Ella, nor leave him a fortune. I have nothing, dear, but the few chairs and tables in the house, but Heaven will reward you for your love and care to me."

Days slipped into weeks, weeks into months, and it was nearly three months later than the day she left Creyton, when Ella was free to return there.

Gerard Cooper had been with his grandmother a week before she died, but no other relative excepting Ella had come to Margate.

The funeral was over, and Ella was alone in the little parlor, when Mr. Leigh, the lawyer who had been Mrs. Cooper's friend for years, and had known Ella from her infancy, came in.

In spite of the solemnity of the occasion there was a twinkle in his eyes as he said, "Have you seen Gerard Cooper since we left the cemetery?"

"No, he has not come home yet."

"Did you know your aunt Maragaret left a will?"

"A will! I thought she had no property?"

"She owned nothing but her clothing, and the furniture of this cottage. She has left all that to you."

"So she told me. But it is no money value, is it?"

"That remains to be seen. Now, Nell, make me a promise. Promise me you will not accept any proposal of Gerard Cooper's without sending him to me."

"Certainly," said Ella, rather bewildered.

"Do you want to sell the furniture?"

"It would cost a great deal to carry it to Creyton, would it not?"

"Yes."

"And our cottage there is furnished."

"Then you don't care for the old furniture.

"Some of this is very fine, more than a hundred years old."

But Ella was not educated up to the old furniture, and thought her pretty modern sofas and tables suited her little cottage far better than Aunt Margaret's heavy large pieces of mahogany and black oak.

But for Mr. Leigh's call she would have closed at once with Gerard's careless offer.

"By the way, Nell, my wife has rather set her heart upon grandmother's furniture, and had no idea she would will it away.

"You do not want to move all this stuff to Creyton.

'Suppose I give you one hundred dollars for the lot as it stands?"

Without warning, Nell would have accepted at once; but, as it was, she was surprised to see Gerard Cooper's face grow black as she said, "Mr. Leigh said he would see about that for me. You can tell him you want the furniture."

An expression more forcible than polite escaped Mr. Cooper, as he strode out of the room, slamming the door after him.

But three days later, Ella began to understand the situation.

In her quiet country home, occupied by her domestic duties, she had taken little interest in the follies or freaks of fashion, seeing nothing of them, and scarcely heeding what she read.

The value of old furniture was unknown to her, and the fact that her inheritance was a choice and rare one was something that had not occurred to her.

But Mr. Leigh was aware of the fact, and having a cordial liking for Ella, had resolved to make the legacy as valuable as possible, understanding that the furniture itself would be of little value to her.

A carefully-worded advertisement in the leading papers of the towns nearest to Margate, a circular-letter to some of the prominent dealers, were as high walls in the little plan Gerard Cooper had made to buy his grandmother's furniture for a trifle.

A sale was announced, and Mr. Leigh sent an agent to put the cottage in proper order.

"Such of the clothing as you can use, pack up," he told Ella, "and send your trunks to the station; but let all the old-fashioned stuff go for 'costumes.'"

Margate had never seen such a sight as the cottage the day of the sale.

Every train brought crowds of fashionably-attired ladies and gentlemen, till the house and garden were packed, and the road in front crowded when the auctioneer stepped upon a table on the porch and opened the sale.

Ella and Mr. Leigh were at an upper window, looking through closed blinds at the scene.

Gerard Cooper, with a face darkened by frowns, stood leaning on the fence, ready to make bids for what he had calculated to possess much more easily.

It seemed to Ella that she must be in a dream as the bidding grew animated.

Could that old-legged table actually be worth fifty dollars.

Was the old man who gave two hundred and fifty dollars for the carved black oak side-board a maniac?

Mr. Leigh chuckled, and rubbed his hands; Gerard Cooper fumed and fretted; and Ella's eyes grew large and bright as a great possibility shaped itself to a certainty.

The partnership!

Already she could count upon her fingers more than double the sum required.

She could go back to Creyton, and give Harry the five hundred dollars twice told.

It was too good to be true! She must be dreaming!

She told Mr. Leigh about the partnership as they watched the crowd stream away in the direction of the railway station, and received his hearty approval and congratulation.

"I will see what it realized," he said. "I stipulated for a ready-money sale. You can get away this afternoon, Ella, if you wish."

And Ella did get away, carrying with her fifteen hundred dollars, the result of Mr. Leigh's advertising.

"All expenses are paid, and this is your legacy," the kind old gentleman said to Ella. "Mr. Gerard Cooper has two tables, three chairs, and a cabinet that cost him just double what he offered you for the entire lot."

And Ella did not give one sigh of regret over the fact that she had not one piece of that "beautiful old furniture" when she put the bank-notes into Harry's hands, and told him the story of her legacy.

But Mrs. Gerard Cooper heartily echoed her husband's words of vituperation lavished on Mr. Leigh, when he wound up his story by saying, "Ella knew nothing about old furniture. But for that abominable old lawyer's interference, I could have bought the entire lot for one hundred dollars and Ella's lifelong gratitude for my generosity."

"It was just Ella Bowen's luck," said Mrs. Gerard, spitefully. "If I had had any idea your grandmother would make a will, I would have gone to Margate and nursed her myself."

WHERE THE APOSTLES REST.—Authorities state that the remains of the apostles of Christ are now in the following places: Seven are in Rome—namely, Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. Three are in the kingdom of Naples—Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi, and Thomas at Otranto. One in Spain—James the Greater, whose remains are at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the body of St. John the Evangelist, the remaining one of the twelve, there is no knowledge. The evangelists Mark and Luke are also in Italy—the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter's are, of course, in the church at Rome, which is called after him, as are also those of Simon and Jude. Those of James the Lesser and of Philip are in the Church of the Holy Apostles; Bartholomew's are in the church on the island in the Tiber, called after him; Matthias' are in Rome under the great altar of the renowned Basilica.

AN OLD MAID'S OPINION.—She had been called an old maid, and rather resented it. Said she, "I am past thirty. I have a good home. I think you know I have had opportunities to marry. I have been bridesmaid a score of times. I ask myself with which one of the beautiful girls that I have seen take the marriage vow would I exchange to-day? Not one. Some are living apart from their husbands; some are divorced; some are wives of drunken men; some are hanging on the ragged edge of society, endeavoring to keep up appearances; some are toiling to support and educate their children, and these are the least miserable; some tread the narrow line beyond the boundary of which lies the mysterious land, and some have gone out in the darkness and unknown horrors, and some are dead. A few there are who are loved and honored wives, mothers with happy homes; but, alas! only a very few."

M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

GRECIAN DOORS.—Grecian doors open outward, so that a person leaving the house knocks first within, lest he should open the door in the face of a passer-by.

SPIDERS.—Spiders have four paps for spinning their webs, each pap having a thousand holes. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed, they seize on to the webs of others.

"BOO."—How many are aware of the origin of the word "boo!" used to frighten children? It is a corruption of Boh, the name of a fierce Gothic general, the mention of whose name spread a panic among his enemies.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.—Christian names are so called by having been given to converts in baptism as substitutes for their former pagan appellations, many of which were borrowed from the names of their gods, and were therefore rejected as profane.

MAZARINE BLUE.—Mazarine blue received its name from Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin. She was a niece of Cardinal Mazarin and one of the early loves of Charles II., of England, who sued, when in exile, for her hand, but without success.

BIRTHS AND DAYS OF THE WEEK.—Monday's bairn is fair of face; Tuesday's bairn is fu' of grace. Wednesday's bairn's the child of woe; Thursday's bairn has far to go. Friday's bairn is loving and giving; Saturday's bairn works hard for his living. But the bairn that born on the blythe Sunday, is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

WHAT A SNOWBALL DID.—A snowball, well-directed and thrown at exactly the right time, may prove a most effective missile, as was proved in Louisville, Ky., the other day. It was thrown by a boy in the street, knocking off the hat of the driver of a carriage in which a runaway couple were riding to a railway station, and caused just enough delay to make them miss the train. Thus hindered, they were caught and separated by the girl's father.

AN OLD FAMILY.—The Giustiniani are one of the few noble Venetian houses which still survive. They belong to the twenty-four original families who ruled as tribunes over the Venetian islands, and can prove a progenitor in the middle of the eighth century. But not content with this respectable antiquity, they trace their decent through eleven Emperors of Constantinople back to Justinian, from whom they claim their name, and, further still, to the founders of Athens. This surpasses the Gordons, who are said to come "from Greece to Gaul, and thence into Scotland."

MARRIAGE LAWS.—The marriage laws among the natives of Australia are very definite. Men and women who carry the same crest, or abstain from eating the same animal or plant, may not marry. Another restriction prevents marriage between relatives on the mother's side—that is, no son can marry any girl who belongs to the same tribe as his mother, however remotely she may be removed. Chiefs may have as many wives as they like, but subjects only one. Girls are betrothed at a very early age, and as soon as the betrothal ceremony is over her mother and aunts must not speak to the lover.

A POOR MOTHER.—A touching story of sheep gathering was recently told me on good authority. A shepherd lost his large flock on the Scotch Mountains in a fog. After fruitless search he returned to his cottage, bidding his collie find the sheep if she could. The collie, who was near giving birth to her young, understood his orders, and disappeared in the mist, not returning for many hours. At last she came home in miserable plight, driving before her the last stray sheep, and carrying in her mouth a puppy of her own! She had of necessity left the rest of her litter to perish on the hills, and in the intervals of their birth the poor beast had performed her task and driven home the sheep. Her last puppy only she had contrived to save.

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.—Little prigs of manikins will marry giantesses, and colossal fellows pair with pigmy maidens, or indeed, with bits of widows, if otherwise well endowed. The fat take to the thin, and the thin cleave unto the fat. Lame people are almost invariably fond of traveling, and the purblind of sight-seeing. The stone-blind are reckoned the clearest judges of colors; and those who look farthest are destitute of feeling. The ladies in Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them. The pearl of teeth must be died black to be beautiful in Guzzerat. In Greenland, the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she were not plastered over with paint.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—"Towards the latter part of the war," said the Colonel, "bands became rather scarce in the Confederate service, and we were rarely regaled with the strains of martial music, unless it was from the Federal forces. On the retreat from Sharpburg, during a brief halt, the weary soldiers, as was their custom, flung themselves down on either side of the road for what rest they could get. Just at this juncture came trudging down the centre of the road a solitary musician with a big bass drum slung over his shoulder. His appearance excited the liveliest emotions among the boys, which finally found vent through a tall, tallow-faced North Carolinian, who, bringing his piece to the ready, halted the astonished musician, at the same time drawling out: 'Say, mister, can't you come down here a piece an' play something kinder soothing on that air thing – for a sick man?'"

UNGRANTED.

BY SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

Where do they go to—the ungranted prayers,
The baffled hope, lost love, and wasted yearning:
The sweet vain dreams, the patient slighted cares,
Cast on the tireless tide that has no turning?
The sleepless nights, the weary anxious days,
The eager joy that blossoms but for blighting,
The mocking gleams that glitter on our ways,
To vanish in one moment of delighting?

Who knows, who knows? Our darlings from us glide:
Imploring clasp and passionate prayer are vain:
Our trust betrayed, missed aim, or shattered pride,
The great dumb river sweeps them to the main,
And yet, for something every gift is given,
Through age on age, so priest and poet saith.
Cling fast, fond hands; look up, true eyes, to Heaven!
Through dusk and doubt hold to the saving faith!

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER XX.

COUNT PLATOFF.

WHEN Platoff learnt the failure of his scheme, he was half mad with rage and disappointment.

He determined not to remain in St. Petersburg to witness the triumph of the man who had outwitted him, so he applied for leave of absence and obtained it.

The next question was, where should he go?

For some time he was in doubt; he thought of Paris, Vienna, and then he remembered Dago—how his servants had allowed Feodora to be carried out of the stronghold, and he at once determined to pay them a visit.

A vessel sailed that evening for Revel, and the Count went on board, mentioning to no one where he was going.

None of his friends knew of his leaving St. Petersburg until the following morning, when Roboff, calling, found nobody but the servants.

They informed him their master had gone out of town, and that he had three months leave.

They had received orders to shut up his town house and go to a small estate of his about fourteen miles from the capital and there wait his return.

Roboff was puzzled by this news, and supposed the men were deceiving him.

This, however, was not the case.

The evening that Platoff sailed was a fine one, though the sky was overcast with dark drifting clouds, and a stiff breeze was blowing from the southwest.

A low gray bank of haze lay on the horizon and the sea looked black.

Still the air was mild, and to the inexperienced eye of a landsman, all seemed right.

Platoff scarcely spoke to the captain.

After he had finished smoking a cigar on deck he went below and turned in.

The captain and mate stood near the wheel, talking in low tones.

They were both Russians, and one of them was the father of Feodora, and the ship is the "Grand Duke."

Captain Cazlett had delayed his departure from St. Petersburg till he heard of his daughter's safety, and, as she had returned two days before, he determined to sail this evening, though the look of the weather did not please him.

He felt sad at heart, and, perhaps, had he been less occupied with other matters, he would have paid more attention to the drifting clouds, the fast freshening breeze.

This was to have been his last voyage before Feodora's marriage with Alexis.

What changes had come in such a short time!

His daughter was lost to him now, as completely as if the grave had closed over her fair young head.

Too well he knew that Feodora would wish to forget him, and everything else connected with her past life and he determined he would cross her path no more.

Tears rose to his eyes as he thought of his sunny-haired child who used to climb up on a chair to kiss him on his return from a long voyage, and he felt that his home was left to him desolate.

Cazlett had scarcely noticed the strange passenger.

He was too full of gloomy thoughts, and the mate remarked that he was the Count Platoff.

"Ah, is that so? I don't know one count from another. I don't see much of them," said the captain.

He had not the faintest idea that this was the man who had carried away his beautiful child.

Guido had never betrayed Feodora, even in the agony of finding that she had disappeared on their return from the fete, for the Italian knew the angry father would seek revenge, and he had a horror of Platoff.

The "Grand Duke" stood out to sea, bounding through the water like a greyhound released from the leash.

The wind grew chiller, singing and shrieking as it whistled through the vessel's cordage, sharp fits of rain began to fall as the wind chopped round to the northeast, and as the last red streaks of the setting sun passed below the black ridge of waters, the darkened waves came shorter and sharper against the vessel's sides.

The captain now began to look rather anxious, as the gale blew harder every moment, and the spray dashed over the "Grand Duke," as she rose from the trough that threatened to engulf her.

His sole anxiety, however, was to keep her well off the rocky coast, and get clear of the land before the full violence of the storm came on, as, if the gale increased in strength, none could say in what danger the ship was, so near a lee shore.

The topsails were double-reefed, and the ship buffeted bravely with wind and wave, driving her bows gallantly into the spray which showered over her, while the thickness of the mist came closing down on her, and the gray scud careered aloft so as to hide her top spars.

Captain Caslett paced the deck with rapid strides and the steady footing of a seaman, looking sharply to windward, and evincing satisfaction at the way the "Grand Duke" behaved.

His glazed hat was shining, his rough pilot-coat glistening with moisture, but the hardy mariner cared little for his own discomfort, he feared only for the safety of his ship.

"Keep a good weather helm, my lad," he said to the sailor at the wheel; "a point higher if you can."

At this moment the mate returned from below.

"Well, Khlats!" said the captain cheerfully, "we shall do yet, if we can only keep our own for an hour longer; we must get to windward a little more, though, for it is likely that this gale will turn out a terrible sneezer before midnight."

"No doubt, sir," said the mate, "it will break before morn, I hope."

"Make her course for the next two hours as exactly east-by-north as you can."

"Just so, sir," said the mate, with respectful alacrity.

Meanwhile Platoff had carelessly thrown himself into his bunk.

He had not removed his clothes, and the roaring of the tempest, and the dashing of the waves against the ship's sides, prevented him from sleeping.

He rose with a muttered curse, and, taking a bottle of brandy from an open locker, drew the cork, and tossed off a glass of the raw spirits.

At first he thought of going on deck, but the pitching of the vessel rendered it impossible for him to maintain a footing, so he sat down moodily.

He again had recourse to the spirits, and continued to drink until the bottle was quite empty.

He then sank into a heavy slumber.

Captain Cazlett remained on deck till the moisture had completely saturated his garments.

He then went below after telling the mate:

"Khlats, you will keep her close up to the windward till you have occasion to send for me; a nice helm, too, and hold on everything aloft. She makes good weather at present; the worst of the gale will be probably near midnight."

There now remained no one on deck save the man at the wheel.

The former gazed anxiously over the bulwarks, he peered under his hand at the obscure and troubled waste of waters, while the heavy waves struck the ship's side, and the gale moaned through her rigging.

Sometimes a wild uncertain light would seem to come clearing out amidst the confused elements on the gleaming face of the water, weltering up into crests of spray, and the gray scud was seen flying overhead from below one black cloud to another, but again it blew together, and all was dark.

The ship bore proudly on, the sea at times breaking over her bows in a deluge of spray, while her masts quivered in the gleaming fits of the wind like feathered arrows, and every bulkhead below cracked now and then as if her frame was parting.

Captain Cazlett had fallen into a troubled doze, when all at once a slight, grating touch, as it were, was felt to run along from the ship's keel through her whole frame.

A wild, hoarse scream seemed next moment to be blown over the after-hatchway—then there was a sudden sensation as if the succeeding waves were too light to bear the ship, and she was going down, when a mighty shock threw every man from his feet, the timbers quivered, and a fierce burst of water on the side was succeeded by whole seas, with a tumultuous cry of human voices was heard even above the shrieking of the gale.

At the first shock the captain sprang up, the next moment he was on deck, questioning the mate.

All had been going on well when, without a moment's warning, the sharp yell of the lookout man was heard:

"Port the helm! Breakers under the lee bow. Port—for God's sake, port!".

But it was too late, and the ship drove fiercely with the next surge upon the white chaos of broken water, then struck nearly amidships, as if she tried to leap across.

Another wave half lifted her, and she came crash down on the sharp rock, her tall spars vibrating with the force till the foremast yielded, toppling over, and the mainmast shortly followed.

The captain's nerve never failed him, and his voice was now heard, clear and trumpet-like, endeavoring to renew order amongst the disorganized crew.

The wreck of the masts was cut away, and the remaining canvas was hauled down.

Not a single spar now rose above her shelterless deck, groaning and creaking, as she heaved to the force of the sea, the spray driven over her bulwarks, while the gale burst upon her in all its bleak, unmerciful strength, with now and then soothing flashes from the breakers and fits of misty light eddying through the darkness as the moonlight began to struggle out, as if to mock at her misery, revealing the doomed crew clinging to the fast-sinking hull.

A huge wave drove her over the cruel rock!—she sank beneath the seething torrents!

Never again did mortal eye behold aught of the "Grand Duke" or one of those who left St. Petersburg upon that fated night.

The moon shone out for one brief moment, only to reveal a few broken spars floating on the tempest-tossed waves, and the ghastly faces of "some strong swimmers in their agony."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY.

IT was a bright morning in the month of chill December, and the kitchen of Platoff Castle was full of bearded Russians.

They were discussing some knotty question, for their faces were flushed, and one, a tall, powerful man in a rough sheepskin coat, seemed angry enough to use his great strength to put an end to the argument.

This man was a true Russian in appearance.

He was evidently of Tartar blood—the stout, strong figure, thick black hair, heavy eyebrows, and dark gray eyes, with long curling lashes, the broad face, and firm yet good-tempered mouth, bespoke his origin.

Most of the others wore the dusty no-colored hair of the Slavonian.

The large room was crowded, for, in every Russian household a vast number of servants are kept—three or four men doing the duty that one could very easily perform.

The tall Tartar seemed to have convinced his audience that he was in the right, when the door opened and there entered a dwarf whose revolting ugliness almost baffles description.

He was very short, scarcely four feet in height, but his shoulders were broad enough for a man of six feet; his long arms were thick and muscular, and his large coarse hands hung below his knees; his legs were stout and crooked, and his feet enormously large and perfectly flat.

His face was frightful: he had a low beetling brow, from which coarse red hair stood up in a tangled bushy thicket; his eyebrows were so long that they almost concealed the red-brown eyes, his nose was short and broad, and his wide mouth, partly covered with a coarse yellow moustache, was garnished with enormous yellow fangs that glistened like the tusks of an angry boar.

As he entered, everyone turned round, and from the expression of their faces it was plain that this frightful being was a personage of importance in the castle.

"Ah, Basil! we have been discussing what had better be done with the prisoner. Dimitri here thinks he had better be allowed to come out with the rest of us, he will certainly die if he remains any longer in the dungeon, and Count Platoff may not intend that; and if he does, he can easily kill him when he comes back. It is strange he is not here, but, as we let one of the prisoners escape, it would never do to let the other one slip through our fingers also. What do you say?"

"I say," said the dwarf, in a rough, hoarse voice, "that you a pack of meddling fools! Let the dog die! He is not the first by a good many. I did not carry food to him today; it is too good a joke to go all that way these cold days. He may be dead now for all I know, or care."

As he spoke, the dwarf lit his pipe and sat down near the stove to smoke.

Dimitri, (the tall Tartar,) eyed Basil with rising anger. The dwarf was notorious for his cruelty, and ill-used his fellow-serfs whenever he had an opportunity.

Platoff had rewarded him for this, by appointing him his house steward; so Basil held considerable authority over the others.

Dimitri was a young man, and had not been long in Dago, Platoff having bought him at St. Petersburg, or rather won him from his master, a reckless young noble, at cards.

Dimitri did not fear the dwarf, and he was not yet aware of his brutal nature, so he addressed him without the slightest hesitation:

"Basil, the man will die, in that cold, damp hole, and I for one will not suffer it. Give me the key and I will bring him here, and give him something to eat. Surely Count Platoff will be angry if we let him die?"

The dwarf turned on the Tartar, with a yell of rage, his ugly face even redder than it was before, his bushy eye-brows drawn down, and his fiery eyes glaring out fiercely.

"Give you the key? I have a strong notion to put you in the next dungeon, you infernal long-eared Tartar! What do you mean?"

Dimitri looked at his fellow-servants, his eyes flashing, his breath coming short, with indignation, at the fiend before him.

"Do you hear this, Nikita? Nicholas? all of you?"

They shrugged their shoulders, and Nikita replied, "Yes, we hear; he is the steward, he must do as he likes."

Dimitri eyed them with quiet scorn, and made another attempt to rouse a sense of justice, if they knew what the word meant, in their sluggish hearts.

"Do you mean to say, that because this creature is the steward, you will stand coolly by, and see him starve a better man than ever he was to death?"

They had the grace to look rather ashamed but said, confusedly, "What could they do? They could not help it."

"Well, I can help it, and I will," said Dimitri.

The dwarf threw down his pipe, and sprang from his seat, without a moment's warning, save a shriek of fury, like that of a wounded tiger.

He sprang at the Tartar's throat.

Dimitri saw the movement, quick as it was, and, instead of being taken unawares, as Basil intended, he received the shock on his clenched hand, which, taking the dwarf full in the chest, sent him sprawling on the stone floor, with such force that the breath went out of his ugly carcass with a loud gasp.

A gratified smile was all the notice the Tartar took of this victory, and the spectators stood around with folded arms to watch the contest.

No opinion was expressed, but many felt a strong wish that Dimitri would win the day.

Basil rose to his feet with surprising quickness, considering the fall he had just had. He did not try the spring again, though it was a favorite manœuvre with him, and very often successful in bringing his adversary to the ground, with himself on top.

He glared about him, and fairly gnashed his yellow fangs with rage, and rushed on the Tartar, aiming a swinging blow at his broad chest.

Had the fist of the powerful double-jointed dwarf struck Dimitri, he would have measured his length on the flags, but Dimitri had been trained too well to wait for it.

He dodged nimbly to one side, and, as the dwarf swung round with the force of his own blow, Dimitri caught him, full on the nose, with such violence that the blood started in a spout from the injured feature, and it was even flatter than before.

Again a slight smile curled the Tartar's lip, and he faced round to meet the dwarf's next attack.

It was well he did so, for the little fiend was about to try quite a new mode of warfare.

He stooped low, and rushed on the Tartar with all his might, intending to strike him with the huge head, which was hard, and solid, and formed an excellent battering-ram.

Quick as he was, the Tartar saw him coming. He stepped to one side; the dwarf rushed on, and, catching his foot in a sheepskin, he again "bit the dust."

He got up, breathless, from his two crushing falls; and, half blinded with dust from the sheep skin, and the sanguinary fluid from his wounded proboscis, and uttering a short yelp, fearfully like an animal, he sprang at Dimitri, and for the first time caught him off his guard.

The Tartar had no idea of the strength and endurance of Basil, and thought he would require breathing time, before he made another attack, but the dwarf succeeded in planting an ugly blow in the brawny chest of his opponent.

It staggered Dimitri, but the strength of the fiend was pretty nearly spent, and the Tartar gave him a smart tap behind the ear which rolled him over, neatly. He lay still for a moment, and Dimitri hoped the contest was at an end; but again Basil rose to his feet.

He looked about wildly, and, with a quick run, caught the Tartar round the waist in his long sinewy arms, and tried to bear him to the ground.

They struggled wildly for a moment, the dwarf's short stature being in his favor; but Dimitri got one arm free, and, seizing the long matted red hair, he dragged Basil's head back until his neck was almost broken.

This forced the little monster to release his hold, and in an instant the Tartar caught him up. With his arms pinned to his sides, he raised him in his powerful hands as easily as if he was an infant, and dashed him to the earth.

The dwarf lay motionless and insensible. Dimitri turned him over with his foot, and tied round his waist, found some large keys. He cut the cord, and slipped off the keys; then, turning to Nikita, said:

"Will you come with me? We had better take some brandy, in case the poor fellow is exhausted."

Nikita had just seen that the Tartar was much stronger than the dreaded tyrant who had so long ruled over him, so he obeyed without a murmur.

Taking a flask of brandy with them, they left the kitchen to proceed to the dungeon, where Alexis had been a prisoner for nearly three months.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEARCH THROUGH THE DUNGEONS.

THEY walked rapidly along the cold damp passage, the state of the atmosphere being revealed by the clouds of steam formed by their breath, and by the glittering frost-work on the rough stone walls.

After walking some distance, they descended a rude flight of steps, hewn from the rock on which the Castle stood.

Here the cold became more intense at every step, and Dimitri thought, sadly, that perhaps they were too late; surely no human being could stand exposure to cold like this.

At the foot of the stairs was another passage; it was very narrow, and the ceiling so low that the Tartar was obliged to bow his lofty head.

"Where is the man? Have we much further to go?" he asked, in a low tone, for he felt as if they were penetrating into the chambers of the dead.

"No, Alexis is in the first cell."

They now reached a narrow door-way, and Dimitri tried key after key in the huge rusty padlock which fastened a human being in this fearful place.

The two first attempts were unsuccessful, but the third key turned, and the Tartar pushed open the door and entered.

The cell was nearly pitch dark, the only ray of light coming through a tiny window in the roof.

The place was utterly destitute of furniture, and on a pile of straw in one corner there lay a wretched being, apparently lifeless.

"My God!" exclaimed the Tartar, while drops of perspiration started on his forehead, cold as the place was; "this man is dead!"

"No," said Nikita, who was bending over the silent form; "no, he is breathing; give me the brandy, quick! It is almost too late."

The Tartar knelt on the floor and assisted Nikita to force some of the spirit between the white lips and set teeth.

It seemed useless, the spark of life was well-nigh extinct; surely nothing could fan it into a flame.

"We had better carry him to the kitchen," said the Tartar, in a hoarse whisper, for this sight had chilled the blood in his veins with horror.

"Yes, that will be best."

Between them they raised the tall form, which was fearfully light, and bore it into the passage.

As they came out to the light, Dimitri could not repress a cry of horror. The form was so wasted, the face so ghastly, and the long, matted, black hair and beard contrasted so strikingly with the wan, pinched features.

"Poor fellow!" said the tall Tartar. "He has been a noble-looking man in his day, and a stout fellow, too, I'll warrant. See how broad his shoulders are! Poor fellow!"

They reached the kitchen, and entered with their pitiful burden. They laid it gently down on a sheep skin, and a murmur of horror ran around among the serfs; hardened though they were to shocking sights, they could not help being touched by this one.

They remembered what this man had looked like when he landed on this dismal island, and to see him now.

Basil still lay senseless, breathing heavily, and the Tartar eyed the ugly monster with a savage frown, as if tempted to punish him further for his atrocities.

"What had better be done now?" said Dimitri, looking around in despair, as Alexis still showed no signs of life.

"Go up for Madam Annette. She can cure him, if he is alive," replied Nikita.

"You go, I will watch him till you return."

Annette sat with her daughter and Zoe in the little room they occupied on the morning of Feodora's arrival at the Castle. The old woman was knitting, and Zoe was playing with Fidele, her little dog.

Nikita opened the door, and told his errand with surprising quickness. Annette rose without a word, she opened a chiffonniere and took out a number of small bottles, containing restoratives. These she placed in a basket with others filled with wine. "Go, go," she said to Nikita, and they left the room together.

Zoe paused in her play, and sighed deeply; the child's heart was often heavy with grief at the strange unaccountable things going on in the Castle.

It was useless to question either Nikita or Annette, for they would tell her nothing, and Pere Hieronimo only shook his head sadly when she asked him what it meant.

Dimitri watched the still white face and closed eyes of the man he had rescued from a living tomb, first with horror, and then with pitying interest.

He saw that, wasted and wretched as he was, this man had a good honest face, and his poor thin hands were those of an artisan.

It is a world-renowned fact, that our sympathies go out first to those of our own order.

In all our hearts there dwells that *esprit de corps*, which Dimitri felt when he looked on Alexis, and saw that he was a working man like himself.

Annette almost despaired of calling back this spirit, which seemed wafted away from the cold, cruel earth, and all her skill was put forth ere the blood came back to the hollow cheek, and a feeble fluttering pulse beat in the emaciated wrist.

Then the great dark eyes opened pitifully, with a half-conscious look of tired suffering, that brought tears to the manly orbs of Dimitri.

"He is getting better. See, he is opening his eyes," cried the Tartar, joyfully.

Alexis looked at the kindly face, and seemed puzzled, as if he only half understood what was said.

"Don't talk to him just yet, he is too weak," said Annette. "Have you looked in all the cells?" she inquired, in a low tone.

"No, surely there are no more prisoners?"

"Yes, I think there are more."

Again the Tartar and Nikita started with sinking hearts, to search for fellow-creatures in the gloomy vault-like dungeons.

When they passed down the staircase, they heard a long low cry, that chilled the blood in their veins, as it echoed fearfully through the stone passages.

"What is that?" cried Dimitri, half stopping in his horror, as the piercing cry again broke the stillness.

"God knows," said Nikita, with a shudder. "I have heard it often enough, but I do not know what it is."

"Perhaps Basil has a wolf, or dog, shut up in one of the cells."

"Perhaps so; but it sounds horribly like a human voice. Come on, the sound appeared to come from here."

He paused before a door, and, as he thrust a key into the padlock, which was rusty from the damp, loathsome air, the piteous sound again came ringing out from the cell, a low plaintive wail which died away to a mournful sob.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COUNT VASSILI.

DIMITRI'S broad shoulder sent the stiff door flying back on its hinges, and his blood curdled at the horrors of the sight that met his eyes.

The cell was like the one in which Alexis had languished—the narrow barred window, the cold clammy walls, the bare stone floor, and the pile of dirty straw in the corner.

On this straw there crouched something like a human figure.

Was it a man?—surely not.

It uttered cries of awful, heart-rending sound, and as it moved its half-frozen limbs chains rattled and clanked.

Dimitri stood transfixed with horror, and the object crouched and writhed on the straw, moaning and crying and dragging its heavy fetters.

"My God!" cried the Tartar. "Nikita, is it a man or brute?"

Nikita stood staring at the object before him in a speechless trance at the shocking sight.

"It is a man!—an old man! See, his face is covered with grey hair. God knows how long he has been here. What shall we do?"

Dimitri turned away, faint and sick at heart.

"Nikita!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Go back and bring some of them with a hammer and chisel to knock off those cursed chains."

Conquering his feelings, the Tartar bent over the wretched being and laid his hand gently on it.

It cowered and sprang away with a fearful cry, writhing and grovelling on the filthy straw.

Dimitri surveyed the object creature, and found he was a man of immense size.

His hair and beard were quite white, and hung in tangled, neglected masses to his waist.

The only clothing he possessed consisted of ragged sheepskins.

He was chained hand and foot, and his hands were so wasted and the nails so long that they looked not unlike the claws of an eagle.

As the Tartar turned away he heard rapid footsteps, and Nikita returned, accompanied by three other serfs.

A shout broke from their lips as they became aware of the ghastly being in the corner, and one of them, an old white-haired man, dropped the hammer he held in his hands, and wrung them in anguish at the piteous spectacle.

"I brought food for him," said Nikita, and, in kneeling, he offered it.

The wretched being seized it and eagerly devoured it, thrusting the food down his throat so rapidly that Dimitri feared he would choke.

Nikita then gave him wine and water to drink.

He swallowed it with the greatest avidity.

His chains were now removed, and two of the serfs raised him to his feet.

But his limbs were so cramped and numbed that they refused to support him, and he would have fallen to the earth if Nikita and the old man already referred to had not caught him.

"Carry him," said Nikita, and, assisted by two of the others, he bore him to the kitchen.

Basil had now recovered sufficiently to sit up.

He was wiping the blood from his ugly face when the mournful procession entered.

He started when he saw what it was they carried, and the poor wasted being shuddered and cried, proving that his reason still lingered in spite of the fearful usage he had received.

"You will be sorry for this day's work," said the dwarf, addressing Dimitri.

"Stand back, you cur!—or I will make you sorry," returned the Tartar.

Basil had felt the weight of that arm too recently to wish for a repetition of that encounter, so he slunk away.

Alexis was now able to sit up and speak, though in a low, meek tone.

Dimitri sat down beside him, and asked him kindly if he could remember how long he had been on the island.

"Yes—since the day of the fete at Peterhoff."

"Three months," said Dimitri. "It is a mercy you still live. You must have suffered fearfully."

"God knows I did. I often wished for death, but that did not come to me though I did not know why I lived."

Tears rolled down his pale hollow cheeks as he spoke, and Dimitri turned away with a swelling in his throat which prevented him from speaking.

"Whose place is this?" Alexis inquired, a moment after.

"Count Platoff's," replied Dimitri, struck with surprise by the question.

"Count Platoff! What harm have I ever done him that he should confine me in that fearful place? Have I not always earned my bread honestly, harming no one?"

"I cannot tell. He is my master; he is expected here every day."

"Are you a serf?"

"Yes; and you?"

"I am a free man—a citizen of St. Petersburg."

A sad smile passed over the Tartar's face as he heard those words, for he knew that Alexis' boasted freedom was a thing of the past.

The artisan had evidently incurred the anger of Count Platoff, and what was a poor workman in his hands?

Nothing.

Alexis had disappeared like a dream, and it would not be safe for anyone to even ask many questions about him.

The lower classes of St. Petersburg dared not breathe freely.

Military discipline was the powerful means of oppression which ground the souls out of the people—the iron heel that trod them into the very dust.

The mass of suffering and unknown iniquities that must be under such a constitution is the strongest argument in favor of a republic.

What did this absolute power produce?

Brutality in the rulers, servility in the church, hypocrisy in the nobles, ignorance and degraded misery among the people, and—should they murmur—Siberia and the knout!

Such was the freedom of a citizen of St. Petersburg!

Who could the other prisoner be?

He sat on the floor, gazing straight into the fire and rubbing his wasted hands, which he stretched out to the welcome heat with low cries of joy.

"I will go now, Dimitri; get these poor miserables washed and dressed, and then bring them up, I wish to speak with them," said Annette, as she left the kitchen.

Dimitri obeyed Annette, and the hapless beings were soon dressed in clean suits of sheepskin, their long unkempt locks cut and combed.

They were different men now.

Alexis, though fearfully emaciated, was a fine-looking fellow, and the Tartar was much struck by his open, manly face.

Alexis, too, was well-pleased with the frank face of his deliverer.

When they bared the chest of the old man they found a strange mark.

It was in the form of a cross, in blood-red lines.

As the man who seemed struck by his appearance saw this he pointed to it and called out in tones of the wildest excitement:

"It is Count Vassili, who disappeared twenty years ago."

"Who?" cried Dimitri.

"Count Vassili—Count Platoff. He is the real Count Platoff, and his brother only came into the title on his disappearance and supposed death. Oh, what a fearful thing! My own master shut up there for twenty long years! My good, kind master; it is well they did not murder you!"

The old man sank on the floor, clasping the wasted hands, tears rolling down his cheeks as he looked on the wreck of what had once been a strong, hearty man.

Dimitri and Alexis watched this touching scene, and were deeply moved by the distress of the faithful serf.

"Can this be so?" Alexis asked, turning to the Tartar.

"God knows," he replied, in a low tone. The old serf caught the words.

"It is true," he said vehemently. "Do I not know the master I loved so well? Do I not remember the master who saved my life at the risk of his own when we were out wolf-hunting? See his poor chest with the blood-red cross! See how tall he is! God help him! All these long nights he has suffered with cold and hunger when I have been warm and comfortable. The saints forgive me!"

The old man looked long and earnestly on the face before him, and, as the vacant eyes of the long-lost master met his, without the slightest trace of recognition, he burst into tears.

"Oh, my poor master. It is indeed possible that you look at your faithful old Ulrich, and do not know him? Oh, my poor master, do not you remember how I slept at your feet when we went out hunting? Oh, have you forgotten me, my dear master, whose side I never left, day or night; surely you know me! See, Count Vassili, I am your own faithful Ulrich."

When the poor old prisoner was dressed, and his long white beard brushed and cut, he looked very different from the wretched being Dimitri had rescued from the dungeon.

He was of immense size, his height being six feet five inches.

His shoulders were very broad, and now that he was washed and dressed two of the other servants recognized in this gaunt, vacant-looking man, their former master, Vassili Platoff—the elder brother of Octave—who had disappeared twenty years before, and was supposed to have been devoured by wolves in the forest of Dago.

It was proved still farther, for on the wasted hand of Count Vassili there glittered a famous ring of cunning workmanship and priceless worth.

It was an heirloom in the Platoff family.

The setting of guinea gold contained a black diamond surrounded by a circle of pure glittering white diamonds.

Around the ring, in letters of enamel, was the family motto, "Always Ready."

This ring had been given to the Platoff family by the Count Ivan, and when Vassili disappeared the ring went with him, and Octave had never worn it.

As soon as Ulrich caught sight of it, he uttered a cry of joy.

"See! see! There is the Platoff ring! Every Count Platoff has worn it but the last—the black-hearted villain! He never had it."

"This is very strange," said Dimitri to Alexis. "I wonder how it happened. Surely Count Platoff would not shut his brother up in that dungeon?"

"God knows! I don't see why he should, but then what was his reason for imprisoning me?"

"It is hard to tell, but then Octave came into the title when his brother disappeared."

"He did? Then that must have been his motive. Ulrich says he knew his master the moment he saw him. Ulrich, how are you so certain that this is the Count Vassili?"

"Don't I know my own master? He loved me, and I loved him. If I had not seen him for fifty years I should know him. Look if there is not a scar on his neck where that fiend, his brother, threw a knife at him?"

The scar was found—a long wide cicatrice on the left side of the Count's neck.

No reasonable doubt could now be entertained of his identity, and only horror felt that this man had been for twenty years a prisoner in the darkest dungeon of the castle of which he was the lawful master.

"Where are you going, Ulrich?" inquired the Tartar, as he saw the old man wrapping himself up, as if about to leave the castle.

"I am going to my master's old friend, Baron Sternberg. He will come and see him. Perhaps my master may remember him. They were officers in the same regiment, and fast friends. The Baron never would believe that Count Vassili was dead, and many a conversation have we had upon it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Young Lady in Grey

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

I WAS recommended change. It had been impressed upon my father, a member of the French senate, and my mother, and all the relatives anxious in me and for me, that only perfect change would do me any good.

Yes, I was in a bad way, even for a young Frenchman.

I had reflected too much, they told me—I had studied too hard—I had become too philosophical and argumentative.

They were partly right and partly wrong. I had lost energy and strength of late; I had become morb'd and misanthropical; and I let them send me abroad, stipulating for only one condition, that I should be allowed to go alone.

I was an only son, and accustomed to my own company.

I chose England for a resting-place. They were curious folk in England I had heard, and there I might be fortunate enough to meet a kindred spirit, a somebody to understand me, and sympathise with all my aspirations, my schemes for the general good of a community which in the aggregate I despised already.

I found no one of my tastes and feelings; I was an enthusiast, and English folks were afraid of me.

I raved and gesticulated too much for them in my heat of argument, and they were glad to get away.

In this English country, I had felt better for a while; but the deep, deadly sense of an indifference to mankind came to me again, born of my experience of shallow men, and I passed from London to the seaside—making towards my native France again, after months of a change which had done me little good.

This was the first step towards a new life—to the romance and mystery floating beyond the world of science and sober fact in which I had been submerged.

As the poets say, my time had come at last—my fate had stepped across the borderland towards me.

And fate was a woman, of course!

This fate, then—a dark-haired, dark-eyed lady of above the middle height, a young lady in grey, whose years had not numbered a score, and who was so strangely beautiful that people gazed at her, as at a picture by some master-hand, crossed my path, entered the same railway-car with me, glanced critically but not boldly at the faces of her fellow-passengers, and then looked steadily from the window until the train was moving from the station.

She did not seem to notice those who travelled with her again; to the end of her journey she read numerous letters, which she drew from a small valise resting on her lap, letters which were in various handwritings, and bore always foreign post-marks. Once or twice during the perusal of those epistles, I observed that she smiled—smiled brightly and hopefully—and the light upon her face then was very fair to see.

At the hotel at Folkestone, we met again, although I was struck by the coincidence which took her there, and which sat her by my side at the table, where she ate little, and thought deeply, and seemed unconscious of the admiring, curious, thoughtful glances bestowed freely upon her by the guests.

I did not address her, on my own part, albeit strangely tempted once or twice.

I was preternaturally reserved by the habits of my youth, and there was a doubt in my mind whether she might not take it as an offence, and resent it.

I did not believe she had recognised me as her travelling companion, and I thought she was English and more reserved than I even.

Before the table was quite finished she rose and walked gracefully the full length of the dining-room, looking at the guests, as she passed on, as if half-expectant still of a friend amongst them somewhere, but betraying no emotion or embarrassment at the attention which she received in return.

As she passed from the room, a short, stout man, who had sat on the other side of her, and who was to me the very personification of vulgarity, with his greasy face and coarse, broad smile, leaned across the chair left vacant between us by her departure, and said in a loud voice:

"The lady in grey is back again, after all. I took odds on the event last month."

I did not respond at first; then a new curiosity led me to ask questions of this familiar being.

"Is she often here?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, very often," he replied; "win-

ter, as well as summer, I run against her. Always the same stand-offish style. I can't bear stuck-up people.

"And always in that grey dress, or in a dress of the same color—hanged if I know which."

"Is there anything remarkable in her being here? You are here very often yourself, I presume?"

"Yes, I travel for Toats' firm, you know; Toats and Twirl of Cannon Street; and so I'm always going backwards and forwards between London and Paris, and I see a good deal of Miss Grey, as I call her; I've heard her other name, but dashed if I can call it to mind, and the more I see of her, the less I make her out.

"She's just as much on the other side of the Channel, always at the Grand Hotel, Boulogne, and always nothing to do but dawdle about the place reading lots of letters.

"I've seen her sit for hours on the beach outside, too, staring at the sea like a woman melancholy mad; you will see her yourself to-morrow.

"She's an odd one, I can tell you; quite a mystery here."

"Indeed!" I said, growing tired of my friend's loquacity, which was not to be readily suppressed now.

I did not reciprocate his confidence; I was tired of the man's obtrusiveness, and anxious to get away from him.

During the afternoon I went out to the high road, and the parade upon the sea, walking past the few holiday folk left, and the band that was braying for their amusement, walking on as far as Sandgate and descending the cliffs to the lower road, where I found that there was a return route nearer to the sea.

The evenings were drawing in at that period.

It was the middle of October, when the night falls early and the breeze from the sea is keen and cold after sundown.

I walked back towards my hotel at a rapid rate; half-way towards Folkestone I came upon the lady in grey walking as rapidly in the opposite direction.

I was sure it was she, there was a grace and manner distinctive enough to betray her even in the darkness.

To my surprise, she advanced towards me, and I stopped and raised my hat. She did not recognize me, it seemed.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Hythe, sir, by this road?" she inquired in haste.

"No, madam, I am a stranger here."

"I think it is near Sandgate, but I am not sure. Thank you," she said; then she passed me and went on swiftly again into the shadows, where she was lost.

I was bewildered—the lady in grey had a mission to fulfil, and there was a mystery in it and her isolated life.

I was interested in her—ay, and drawn towards her!

I saw no more of her the following day; she was not at the table in the evening, as I had expected.

I saw her the following morning. I knew that she had arrived late last night; a chance inquiry of an inquisitive visitor at the breakfast-table had given me the news.

I saw her in the morning reading on the beach, sitting apart from the few visitors who were there, and deeply interested in her book.

I sat at a distance watching this mysterious lady, and hardly conscious I was watching her.

At the dinner-table we were together once more.

Strangely enough, I had chosen the seat next to her again.

As she came down the room, I felt my heart beating faster than its wont, lest she should pass the chair vacant on my left. For a moment she paused, and even hesitated, then took the seat and looked for an instant at me.

Before I could remember the commercial traveller's story of her austere reserve, or think even of my own, by an impulse for which I could hardly account, save that it was natural to be courteous to one whose face had grown familiar as a guest's, I bowed low and murmured a good evening.

She returned my salute promptly, and with a faint smile.

There was no vexation at being addressed as I had almost anticipated and feared from the traveller's legend of two nights ago.

"Good evening," she replied.

I was wondering if I dared speak to her again, when she addressed me so suddenly that I started and colored.

"Do you intend a long stay here?" she inquired.

"I—I hardly know, madam. I am not pressed for time."

"You are French?"

"Oh, yes."

"You speak English excellently, it's only your appearance which is French."

"My own father is French, my mother was an Englishwoman."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her where her father was living, and why she was always travelling alone; in my eager curiosity, the question had nearly escaped me.

But I was silent, and to my great surprise she appeared to reply to my thoughts, as though it had been easy to read them for herself.

"A father very much engaged, compels me to rely upon my own resources a great deal, and I am fond of travelling about and studying human nature. It is my profession, in fact."

"You write?"

"A little—for a living. And you," she added, regarding me very steadily, "unless I am greatly mistaken, are one of the grand army of letters also?"

"No, madam—I do not write.

"Ah! you are modest, and conceal the truth," she said, smiling.

"I am only a dreamer, they tell me at home," I answered, "and I have come to England to dream on.

"I have no wish to join the *litterati*—even if I had the ability to turn my pen to profit—I am neither novelist, dramatist, nor poet."

"Nor poet," she repeated to herself.

"Only a dreamer, madam. I had a hope one day to say philosopher, but that is dying out."

"As fast as other dreams—ah! they soon fade," she murmured.

She did not say any more.

I made no further effort to engage her in conversation; my pride told me she was tired of me, and I was very quickly silent. It was only after she had withdrawn that I felt I had lost an advantage in her eyes, and that I might have said something to prove at least that I had thought a great deal.

The next day I had made up my mind to cross the Channel and proceed homewards, but my plans were all upset by last night's conversation.

I was a man under a spell—here was the unseen, incomprehensible motive-force in which I believed, and which was drawing me towards this mystery, and making the young Frenchwoman a part of my waking life.

The dreams had vanished, and she was here in the foreground to ensnare or counsel me—to exercise a supernatural power over me, if she were vain and fond of power.

We became friends, Virginie and I. The ice once broken between two reserved natures, each alone in a strange country, and each not one-and-twenty, and there was no freezing again of her demeanor towards me.

Presently she knew all my life, my ambitions, my wild theories.

"You are very weak, Armand, she said to me one day, and with so pitying a look in her eyes that I winced under it. "I could wish, for your sake, that you were a stronger-minded man."

"You think I am easily led away, then?"

"I hardly know what to think of you," she said sadly, "or what——"

"Well?" I asked, as she paused.

"Or what will become of you," she added.

"Without you—" I said impulsively; "ah! I don't know now!"

She colored.

She had not been prepared for so hasty an outburst of my feelings—I was not prepared myself.

The very misery of my tone of voice perhaps convinced her, for the first time, of the deep love I had for her.

She was surprised, and for a moment abashed, she knew my secret now, and was too wise to seem wholly to misinterpret it. She was above so womanly an affectation.

We were sitting at the pier-head together, waiting for the Channel boat's arrival.

It was wintry weather, and no one was abroad that day but ourselves.

The wind was coming fiercely across the sea, and the clouds were threatening rain. The holiday visitors had all flown homewards, and there was only life and bustle in the little harbor beyond, and two strange hearts trying to understand each other here and one falling very miserably.

"You will be soon going home for good," she said, after an awkward silence; "I fancy even that your friends are growing anxious."

"What makes you think this?" I asked quickly.

"Letters come more frequently to you, and you are sad after their perusal."

"Just as if I did not care to return to the home to which I am summoned!" I added, with a forced laugh.

"And that is true too?"

"Yes—quite true," I answered, "and you know it."

She regarded me very steadily now, and looked no longer away.

The crisis had come, and she was prepared for it.

"Because you leave me here, and after a fashion," she shivered, as with the northern blast, "we have become friends."

"Oh! you speak bitterly," I cried, "but God knows you are a friend that is very dear to me.

"To lose you is to submerge my whole life, which I would rather part than say good-bye."

"Why! this is the raving of a man on the stage, Armand," she said warmly, "and I will beg of you to cease."

"Oh! I know you don't care for me, that I am never likely to be more in your estimation than a madam and a misanthrope—that we are not even suited to each other, but," I added, "I can't help loving you, or saying so, any more than I can help breathing.

"It is the plain truth, and you may as well know it, Virginie."

She looked at me with the same steady, pitying look.

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"And it is no news to you," I added.

"I may have feared that this was to be the end of a friendship born in hours of idleness together, and I would have stopped it, if I could, weeks ago. But a woman is powerless."

"Not always."

"I have been waiting for you to speak," she added frankly, "and for me to end this folly.

"I am glad it has come thus early, for both our sakes—you will forget me, possibly hate me, all the sooner."

I saw the tears in her eyes before she dashed them away with a quick hand.

"Virginie!—hate you!"

"Love repulsed turns quickly to hate, it is said—and it will be natural on your part, if not now—presently."

"Impossible."

"I don't know," she answered very thoughtfully; "your self-love is wounded when I tell you it is hopeless that I can think of you as one dear to me in any way—or as one even with whom I shall be sorry to part."

"Ah! don't say that. Spare me a little."

"Not sorry, because I am sure it is for the best.

"What would your father say to such a *mesalliance* as you have had in your thoughts?—what would he, a French officer and gentleman, think of it, a power in the senate, a minister of the state? Have you not told me more than once how proud he is—and is there not that about my life which is not to be explained?"

She spoke fearlessly now, but she was startled by my answer.

"Prepared for many eccentricities on my part, she was not prepared for this.

"My father is proud—but he loves his son," I said. "Here is his answer to your question."

"His answer!" she cried, in her amazement.

"I have no secrets from him. I wrote and told him all that was in my heart," I said. "I spoke of my love for you, and of the one chance of peace and happiness which it afforded me.'

"This was unwise, before you knew, or thought——"

"Read his letter, Virginie, and see what he says for himself and—for me."

I put my father's letter in her hands, which trembled very much as she received it—the face was of a new pallor also, and the fresh young lips were compressed as with a grief or pain.

Her emotion gave me a new hope, and my heart bounded at once from the depth of its despair.

I watched her read the letter—I had a strong faith in its contents impressing her. It was the epistle of a loving father to an only son—of a man who was very anxious for his son's welfare, and had been for years terribly solicitous concerning him.

"I shall be only too happy to see you united to a lady well educated, well born, and amiable," he wrote. "I can know of no bar to such an union, and I have not a word to urge against it.

"Strange as you are, Armand, I think I can trust your judgment in this matter, and I believe you are not the man to have set your affection on this lady hastily and without full reflection.

"More, I believe in her, as you do yourself.

"You give me no particulars of her family—ask her, should she favor your suit in due course of time, to put me in communication with her parents, and let us all meet together with full and happy hearts."

There was more than this—news of home and of old friends, but the epistle returned to my love for Virginie again.

"Bring her to us at Dieppe, where we have gone for a holiday—she will be welcome," were his last words. Virginie read the letter carefully, and by degrees was firm and calm again.

"Yes, this is a trusting father," she murmured, "and I have always thought him cruel and exacting—one," she added quickly, "who by his austerity and want of sympathy with you had driven you from home. See how easy it is to judge, and judge falsely."

"You thought this of my father! Virginie!"

"Yes. You were a man so ill-trained and wild," she answered, "that your youth had been uncared for, or cared for too much, I felt assured.

"But what would he think of me? You have not told him that I am alone here, to many an object of suspicion, and to many more incomprehensible.

"I am a woman alone—and there is always a doubt over such an anomaly, and the world has a right to be weary of her."

She spoke indignantly, and beat the letter I had given her on the palm of her gloved hand.

"But you can defy the world—there is no mystery which you cannot clear—there is——"

"There is nothing but resignation to my position," said Virginie. "I cannot defy the world, and it is beyond my power to explain."

"I ask for no explanation—I will be content with you," I cried. "Give me only a hope to win you, and I shall care for nothing else."

"That is romance, and we are in a prosaic world, Armand. Still," she added, after a pause, "I thank you for all your faith in me; it is far more than I deserve."

"And you will——"

"I will think again," she added, with the old puzzled, pitying look returning to her face. "Give me four days to consider everything; leave me this letter to offer me some strength, even—your father's words of faith in the woman his son loves—and meet me here four days hence, in the Christmas week approaching. Will you?"

"Will I!" I cried. "Oh! with what hope and with what prayers will I wait! And meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile, leave me to myself—don't watch me," she added, with a new and terrified look, "for I am afraid of you, and of my own strength, and am desperately unhappy. I may remain here, I may disappear; but do not say a word to me again, until we meet in this place. Promise!"

I promised her, and she rose, in an impatient, agitated way, and waved me from her.

The ordeal of my silence had commenced; the beginning of many hopes and bright visions from a roseate cloudland had set in, to be followed by hours of deep regrets and unavailing doubts.

It was the traveler Saunders who turned my secret joys and hopes to a grief bitter and inconsolable.

He had been away some months in lieu of weeks, and was full of spirits at the result of his travels and the commissions he had obtained.

In his horrible frankness he told me what he had earned, what business he had transacted, and how immensely he had been admired abroad by everybody—male and female, he added, with a wink.

"And that reminds me of the grey lady—you remember the grey lady who was here when you came down?"

"Yes—I remember."

"I met her in Paris, yesterday—and of all places in the world, guess where?"

"I am not handy at guessing," I said with a sickening feeling at my heart; "I do not care to guess where."

"At the Bal-masque at the Opera, then—a half dozen swells with her, and she the biggest swell of all. No more of your grey suits and simpering smiles—oh, trust her."

"Are you sure of this? This must be a lie for certain."

"Hallo! draw it mild, old fellow, please," he cried.

"She was at a masquerade?"

"I'll swear to her. When she took off her mask, there wasn't a doubt about it. Why, I never saw another face like hers."

"Nor I," was my hoarse reply; "and what became of her."

"Oh! I didn't run after her, you may be certain. It was just for a moment, and then poof—gone."

"You may have been deceived."

"I was never deceived in my life," was the boastful reply; "I am a thundering sight too 'cute for that."

It seemed impossible that I could place credence in this, but it impressed me.

She had disappeared from the hotel—the waiter, whom I bribed into my confidence, told me she had left for France by the mail-boat on the very day she had implored my silence.

It was so like the truth, and yet so like a base invention.

I stole away from the hotel—I was afraid of the man Saunders, and all that he might tell me presently—I was haunted, and more miserable than ever.

When the four days had expired, I returned to Folkestone, and took up my place at the little lighthouse where I had parted from her last.

I believed she would return.

In all my agonizing doubts of her, I did not doubt her word.

And after that, the accusation, and the last farewell.

The woman triumphant, perhaps, but the man no longer the dupe of his implicit trust in her.

I was before my time; and before its time also, hurled over by a fierce wind and tide in its favor, came the Channel boat.

It swept in storm-tossed and panting, and I looked down upon its drenched deck from the pier-head as if in search of her, and as if assured she would be there.

And I was not mistaken.

It was she, paler and more beautiful even, whose face looked at me from beneath the hood, and did not smile a recognition.

By her side, and with her two hands linked upon his arm, was a tall, grey-haired man of some fifty years—for the first time in her life she was not a woman alone to me.

I shrank back—I could have stolen away for good—forever from her.

This was the meeting, then, and this her answer!

I stood by the lighthouse still.

There came a second thought to me, that she would approach, and offer some words of explanation, perhaps of comfort to me.

In my own wild theory, I had faith enough yet to believe that she would come to me.

And she came.

With her hood thrown back, and tears brimming in her eyes, she advanced, both hands extended to me.

The tall man by whom she was accompanied stood, like a sentinel, in the background, some fifty paces away, as though he respected us, and would leave us to ourselves.

"Virginie!" I cried, "you have returned—you have come back to me!"

I had forgotten everything at the sight of her, at the contact of her hands with mine.

I remembered only that I loved her desperately.

"Armand, I have come to ask your forgiveness, if you will grant it to me—as I pray you will."

"What does it mean?"

"That I have deceived you in my own selfish interests, very cruelly; and that I have only your hate to look to."

"That man—who is he?"

"My father—an escaped prisoner from the French Government—a political refugee who stands at last where tyranny cannot touch him. I have been living here, and watching here, two years, in the hope of his escape. I have waited for him, oh! so long and hopelessly, until you——"

"Your father!" I exclaimed; "oh! thank God! let me go to him—let me——"

"No—please, no—for my sake."

"Is there another mystery—do I know all the truth, Virginie?"

"Not yet."

"Ha! Is it true that you were in Paris at the Opera Bal-masque a few nights ago?"

"Quite true," she answered. "I met my father's friends there, and it was in that motley dissipated crowd that some earnest souls plotted his deliverance."

"But——"

"But I was a spy, Armand, to you," she continued. "It was the knowledge that you were traveling in England that set me on your track. Orders were telegraphed to me to seek you out—to make you my friend—you, son of the minister—to deceive you.

And," she added sorrowfully, "I have done so."

"A spy!" I echoed; "a spy!!"

"For my father's sake—a spy. Yes, that is all I am—and all I have been—and can ever be to you. And if you will forgive me, knowing how I loved that father, and how cruelly he had been treated by his enemies—if you will only say forgiveness, I shall be happy presently."

"You should be happy now,—you have attained all that you strove for—why should any words of mine be of any comfort?"

"Because it is only you I have deceived, and you thought so highly of me, and had so deep a faith. Because," she said, "it was by that letter which you left with me that we forged your father's signature to an order for the immediate release of one terribly unfortunate—because——"

"Ha! I remember; yes, that was treachery."

"It was a daughter's love surmounting every trust but one—because of that, forgive me, Armand, if you can."

"I have been cruelly deceived."

"Because I am going away to make his life content—because you I shall never see again—forgive me, do!"

I was still silent.

"Because I am unhappy, even in the midst of my success—because we part thus, and forever—because, Armand, I had learned to love you very deeply at the last, and knew not what to do?"

"Virginie—is this true?"

"Heaven be my witness that it is," she answered solemnly.

"Then——"

"Nay—let me go my way now, forgiven by the only man I have love, dand decieved. God bless you—kiss me—and good-bye."

She held her face up to me like a little child, and I stooped and kissed it—sign of forgiveness and of my strange love for her.

Then she tottered away, and would have fallen, had I not hastened after her, and supported her steps towards the grim man waiting for his daughter.

He raised his hat as we approached, and she passed from me to him—and I saw her no more in all my after life.

ABOUT PRACTICAL JOKES.—The practical joker's doings take a wide range, and are performed at the expense of all classes of the community. Thus in January last, Mr. W. T. Timmons, of South Carolina, having, been rejected by his sensible sweetheart, undertook to move her heart by writing a letter to the press in another person's name, announcing that his lifeless body had been found at Adam's Run. The only person seriously affected was his brother, who instantly bought a coffin at Charleston and travelled to the spot to discover the hoax. At Jefferson City, Mo., a stranger put up at the Monroe House, and sold the landlord a pair of new boots for $3. The landlord's intimate and waggish friend induced a humorous shoemaker, Mr. Joseph Flick, to go and claim the boots as having been stolen from him, and the hotel keeper gave them up, and when subsequently he encountered his guest, had him arrested and summoned Mr. Flick as a witness. Then the joke came out, and it cost Mr. Flick $12 costs, while the guest has an action pending for damages for false imprisonment.

In this city, on election night, a jovial politician desirous of amusing himself at the expense of a saloon keeper that claims to rival any bank cashier in the detection of a party of friends, to "ring in" a bad V on the busy Bonifice, and was horrified when, ere the bill had fairly touched the counter, another barkeeper caught it up, saying he "wanted change for a ten," and paid it out to a fourth party. August 19, 1880, a number of New Yorkers were hoaxed by a communication to a morning paper announcing the writer's intention of shooting himself at 3 p. m., on the rock in the lake in Central Park, opposite the Mall. Unfortunately he failed to keep faith with the public. A decided sensational practical joke was perpetrated in Brazil on the occasion of the introduction of a new safety bank, Dom Pedro, who was on the train, being an accomplice. At one one part of the line, where it passes through a cutting bounded by rocks, a gigantic construction of lath and canvas, painted to represent a mass of fallen rock, was placed on the rails so that the driver would catch sight of it just as he rounded a curve. He did, and stopped he train in a hurry, so that both the joke and the trial were successful. But suppose he had jumped off? When the steamer Potosi left Plymouth recently, for Australia, a practical joker cried out, "Man overboard!" A life-boat was lowered, but the fall became entangled and five men were plunged into the water, two being drowned. At Linthwaite, England, John Diakin, a boy of eighteen, though it would be great fun to scare his mate, a lad of fifteen, by throwing a rope round his neck and putting the end of it round the machine shaft. The object of the joke was dashed to pieces. At Chicago, Mr. M. B. Gould, a prominent business man, resolved to scare the janitor by overturning things in his room and hiding in the closet. While he was chuckling with a companion over the success of their stratagem, the janitor, having vainly summoned the alleged burglar to surrender, fired through the door and killed him. There died at the Indiantown, N. B., Asylum last winter, Miss Clara Bagnall, a young lady upon whom a waggish caller pounced one evening arrayed *en diable*. She fell in a fit and became a raving maniac. In St. Louis, it cost a man $1 to place a split cork on the nose of a sleeper, ornament it with matches and light them. James Stewart, a saloon keeper in New York, kept a galvanic battery which the unwary were encouraged to believe was a lifting machine.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

TO be equal to the occasion, admits of no particular length of time for thinking, or beating about the bush for an answer; the reply, to have effect, must be almost instantaneous.

Some years ago, when the seas were infested by a lawless ship, the captain of an English vessel sailed from a Spanish port with a number of passengers aboard, and among them was a timid Frenchman, who evinced the greatest fear lest the vessel should be taken by one of the Sallee rovers, and they should all be made slaves to the Moors. "Don't you be at all alarmed, my good sir," cried the captain; "for before I'd allow my ship to fall into the hands of those confounded piratical rascals, I'd blow her into the air." Unfortunately for us, the account closes here; otherwise, it would be highly interesting to learn, whether the nervous foreigner altogether approved of this ingenious plan of escaping from the clutches of these marauding gentry. It was an instance, however, on the part of the captain, of being equal to the occasion.

In the *Antiquary*, the learned Mr. Oldbuck asks his gallant nephew whether the men of his regiment would not feel renewed heart and courage if, at the close of a toiling day, they found they were bivouacking near the tomb of some famous hero. The answer of the young soldier was not only amusing, but exhibited an amount of forethought not often met with. "My conviction is," said he, "that they would feel not only more encouraged, but much better pleased, if they found themselves near a poultry-yard."

There was once a soldier in the army of the Duke of Marlborough who, taking the name of that distinguished General, was severely reprimanded for it. "How am I to blame, General?" said the soldier. "I had the choice of names, and I selected the one I now bear. If I had known one more illustrious than yours, I should have taken it." What, really, could the gallant General be expected to say, in return for so flattering an admission?—why, merely this, that the man was equal to the occasion.

"Tom Brown" tells us, a divine ought to adapt his sermon as an astronomer does his almanac to the meridian of the place and people where he lives. So thought, evidently, a French priest, who had usually a very small modicum of hearers. One day while preaching at the church in his village, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking and cackling up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstances, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of his district for non-attendance; because, though they did not think proper to come themselves, they were thoughtful enough to send their representatives.

It was a saying of Lord Brougham's, that a lawyer was a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself. The following may be considered a specimen of a lawyer being equal to the occasion. A gentleman, while bathing in the sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side after a long dive. After an exchange of salutations had briefly passed—"By the way," said he, "how about Gunter? Have you taken out a warrant against him?" "He is in quod," replied the lawyer, and dived again, showing his heels as a parting view to his client. Nor did the latter hear more of the interview with his lawyer until he got his bill, which, amongst other matters, contained the entry: "To consultation at sea, anent the incarceration of Gunter, six and eightpence."

On the bench, the notorious Judge Jeffreys talked fluently and with spirit; but his weakness was that he could not reprehend without scolding. His voice and visage, too, made him a terror to real offenders, and formidable indeed to all. Pointing with his cane to a man who was about being tried, he said, somewhat excitedly: "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane!" The man to whom he pointed, looked at him, and coolly asked: "At what end, my lord?" His lordship seemed petrified. The prisoner was equal to the occasion.

DULL BOYS.—Parents with dull boys should take heart. Dunces have done fairly well in the world after all. Sir Isaac Newton, for example, was a dunce, low in his class, and by no means fond of study. Indeed, if he is to be believed, it was due to the unamiable spirit of revenge that he ever learned at all. The "show-boy" of the school kicked him, and as a retaliation Isaac determined to beat him in lessons, and succeeded, but owed his success both then and in later life rather to perseverance and persistence than to inherent capacity. Oliver Goldsmith was pronounced a perfect idiot by his schoolmates. They never tired tensing him, and he was for years the butt of ridicule. A wonderful amount of patience was needed by the old school dame, who at last dinned the alphabet into his unwilling mind. Sir Walter Scott was nicknamed at school "the great blockhead." Hutton, the antiquarian, was slow to learn, and details his experience in his own way: "My master," he writes, "took occasion to beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair; but he never could beat any learning into it." Sheridan was introduced to school by his mother, with an apology for his dulness. Adam Clarke's father called him a "miserable dunce." Doctor Chalmers was put down by his teacher as an incorrigible blockhead, and Chatterton, unfortunate even in early life, was dismissed from school by his master as "too great a fool to learn."

NEVER make fun of a poor singer. He may have fallen on the ice when young and cracked his voice.

DECORATIONS IN GERMANY.

ONE OF the most popular proverbs in the Realm of the Black and Red Eagles, is the following: "There are three afflictions from which no well-conducted Prussian can hope to escape—Death, the tax gatherer and the Fourth Class of the Red Eagle." The point of this jest is somewhat blunted by the fact that no well-conducted Prussian dreams of avoiding the conferment of the decoration in question, or is, indeed, when once possessed of it, in the least averse to sporting it in public upon every occasion affording him the slenderest pretext for so doing. Failing possession of the Prussian Red Eagle, the irrepressible aspirant to chivalric honors would proudly clasp to his bosom the Blue Cuckoo or other heraldic monster, if he can get it; and having by the payment of a trifling fee, secured his own native ruler's gracious permission to accept and wear the insignia of that illustrious Order, will cause his new title to be engraved upon his visiting cards, in some such florid formula as this: "Mr. Upper Privy Architectural Councillor Johann Schmidt, Knight of the Transparent Princely, Blue Cuckoo Order of the Fourth Class, with the Riband." Having by this act—at least in his own opinion—achieved the goal of a just and noble ambition, he is tolerably happy until it occurs to him that life, in his social position, is but a hollow mockery whilst unblessed by possession of the Cross (Third Class, Civil Division) of the Orange Tawny Woodpecker of Saxe-Meiningen-Hildeburg-Hausen-Jillich-Cleven-Bergen. Beset by this fresh craving, he indefatigably stalks the Woodpecker until its miniature effigy, in metal and enamel, hangs by the side of the Cuckoo from his buttonhole and so his appetite for distinction growing by what it feeds upon, he perseveres in his crusade until half the birds and beasts that went into the Ark are suspended in glistening array from the particolored ribbons sewn on to the front of his coat.

Next to Prince Bismarck, the most lavishly decorated German I ever met was one Hoff, the patentee of a surpassingly Hygeian liquid yclept "Extract of Malt," whose elaborate collection of Imperial, Royal, Ducal and Princely Crosses serves as a highly telling advertisement for the nutritive and refreshing tonic from which he derives an uncommonly comfortable income. Hoff, in his turn, is all but equalled as a champion crusader by Wertheim, another acquaintance, the inventor of a fire-proof safe that appears to have asserted irrefutable claims upon all the sovereigns of Continental Europe for recognition of its merits in the shape of chivalric conferment. Some years ago an old friend, at that time a Minister of State in Vienna, asked me to dinner one day to meet a number of Austrian commercial celebrities. I was amongst the earlier arrivals, and, whilst standing near the drawing room door, I heard a faint tinkling, as of fairy sledge bells, upon the landing outside. "What may that strange sound be?" I inquired of my companion, a living encyclopedia of Viennese oddities. "That," gravely replied he, "is the jingling of Wertheim's decorations. He wears them strung upon golden chains all over his chest—not the fire-proof one—and, as you hear, the chimes rung by his crosses announce his advent from afar."

CAUSE OF IMMIGRATION.—From careful inquiries made of the guilds and labor societies, it is found that the range of wages in Switzerland is $80 a year for gardeners, $50 to $60 for adult male farm laborers, and $14 to $20 for adult females, with lodging and board for all; for young men on farms $20, with clothes added to board and lodging. The trades day is eleven hours. Carpenters get 67 to 78 cents; fresco painters and moulders, 86; dyers, 75 to 95; potters, 67 cents for twelve hours; house painters and varnishers, 80; engineers, 78; masons, 84; machinists, saddlers, upholsterers and compositors, 80; coopers, $1.52 to $1.70 per week, with board; locomotive engineers, at thirteen to sixteen hours per day, $55.80 per month. The food of a majority of these people is coffee and bread at morning and night, and meat and vegetables at noon. In Gothenburg, Sweden, blacksmiths earn $4.05 per week; carpenters, $3.37; cabinet-makers, $4.86 to $6.75; upholsterers, $3.24 to $5.40; hatters and tailors, $4.05 to $4.80; bricklayers and plasterers, $4.45 in seven months and $2.16 to $2.70 in winter; watchmakers, $8.10; foremen in cotton mills, $3.24 to $4.05; laborers, 40 to 54 cents a day; female domestics, $2.15 per month, with board and lodging. Wheat flour is $3.57 per 100 pounds; rye, $2.28; bacon, lard, butter and cheese, 10, 14, 28 and 14 cents per pound; beef and mutton, 10 and 9 cents; granulated sugar, green coffee and tea, 11, 22 and $1; potatoes, $1.40 per barrel of 3¾ bushel. These are the qualities of food generally used by the wage-earning classes. In answer to inquiry from a parliamentary committee, the provincial authorities reported that the wages of agricultural laborers in the province of Gothland (the southern end of Sweden) had been 30 to 35 cents a day in summer and 13 to 26 in winter during 1865-'69; 23 to 46 in summer and 13 to 20 in winter during 1870-'74; 25 to 50 in summer and 18 to 31 in winter during 1875-'79; 29 to 53 in summer and 18 to 26 in winter during 1880. The condition of labor in Switzerland and Sweden thus appears to be rather worse than in Germany, and the large increase of emigration to this country is not surprising.

AN IRON chess-board provided with magnetic chessmen is a Berlin novelty. The small magnets concealed in the figures cause them to adhere to the iron board and retain their place in spite of considerable shocks, such for instance as are received on ship-board or on railway trains.

Scientific and Useful.

GLYCERINE.—Glycerine to which a few drops of alcohol have been added, is an excellent application for oil-stones on which fine instruments are to be sharpened.

OLD KID GLOVES.—To revive old kid gloves, make a thick mucilage by boiling a handful of flaxseed; add a little dissolved soap; then, when the mixture cools, with a piece of white flannel wipe the gloves, previously fitted to the hand; use only enough to take off the dirt, without wetting through the glove.

WATER CURE.—Professor Langenbeck, of Berlin, has recently performed a successful operation, during which the patient was kept immersed in water for sixteen days. These "permanent baths," so-called, are likely to play a great part in modern hygiene, more especially in cases of burns, for which bed-heat is known to be very dangerous.

SAVING RELICS.—Some valuable relics discovered at Nineveh, in the form of fine ivory carvings, showed signs of crumbling on arrival in England. Concluding that loss of albumen was the cause of the decay, Professor Owen boiled the articles. The experiment proved entirely successful, and the ivory was restored to its original firmness and solidity.

PERFUMES.—It has been discovered that perfumes exert a healthy influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone. Cherry, laurel, clover, lavender, mint, juniper, fennel and bergamot develop the largest quantity of ozone. Flowers without perfume do not develop it, but the flowers of narcissus, mignonette, heliotrope and lily or the valley develop it in close vessels. Odorous flowers, cultivated in marshy places would be valuable in purifying the air.

ELECTRIC PILE-DRIVER.—At Hatfield Park, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, in England, the piles to support a coffer-dam across the River Lea have just been successfully driven by the power from a water-wheel situated at a distance, which power was transmitted by two dynamo-machines and a couple of wires to the gearing connected with a pile-driver of ordinary construction erected on a bridge in the river. The machinery, although rather roughly constructed, worked well, lifting a dolly weighing from four to five hundred-weight with ease and regularity.

DROWNED PERSONS. — A prominent French paper, publishes these alleged statements of a Parisian body-hunter concerning drowned persons floating in the river: "I always know beforehand if it is a man or a woman. If the body has the face upward, it is that of a woman; if it floats on its breast with the nose in the water, it is that of a man. I have remarked that a man who has been thrown into the water after being assassinated reappears on the surface much earlier than one who has fallen in by accident or has drowned himself. The time the body remains beneath the water shows whether it is a case of suicide or of murder." These curious pieces of information are valuable in proportion to their truth, and they would appear to require verification.

Farm and Garden.

FOWLS.—Fowls that are excessively fat will not lay. Corn alone will not do for laying hens. If the flock is in a very fat condition it should not be fed corn oftener than twice a week. Substitute oats, wheat, scraps and steamed hay—cut in short lengths and steamed. A good dietary and sanitary mess consists of a tablespoonful of flaxseed meal to a pint of fine bran mixed into a dough twice a week.

WARM WATER FOR COWS.—Warm water is an excellent thing for cows giving milk; it is as good as two or three quarts of meal a day; but if you mix meal and shorts with it cows must be allowanced, as they will drink too much—enough to diminish the flow of milk. The quantity will vary with the character of feed and the cow. A little good judgment is a nice thing here, as everywhere else.

INSECTS.—There are no grounds for the belief that new insects are generated or created; the sudden appearance of our worst pests is due to importations from Europe. Some heretofore quite unknown species may change from one food plant to another closely related, which, if a cultivated one, provides them with more plentiful pastures, and therefore a greater increase of their kind is possible.

TURKEYS.—Whenever possible, set turkey eggs under a turkey hen. She sticks very closely to the nest, rarely coming off, even to feed. Unlike the eggs of other fowls, the eggs of the turkey will not bear much variation of temperature, and they must never become chilled. When a turkey leaves her nest see that she is cooped in a dry location, as the slightest dampness is injurious to the young ones. They are also very sensitive to filth.

FLIES AND HORSES.—A physician writing to the London *Daily News*, recommends, to prevent the torment inflicted by the flies on horses, application to the latter, before harnessing, of a mixture of one part crude carbolic acid with six or more parts of olive oil. This should be rubbed lightly all over the animal with a rag, and applied more thickly to the interior of the ears and other parts most likely to be attacked. This application may need to be repeated in the course of the day, but while any odor of the acid remains, the flies decline to settle, and the horse is completely free from all their annoyance.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15, 1882.

Contents.

SERIALS—"SHIP AHOY!" and "PRINCE AND PEASANT."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

WEALTH AND WORK.

All that is said of the peril of riches does not go for much when the opportunity offers for one to improve his worldly condition. Poets sometimes chant the beauties of poverty, but not those who write in a cold garret, with only a crust of bread and a pitcher of water to keep them alive. They are too familiar with the bitter reality to make it the subject of laudatory song. When a man has a snug little cottage of his own, with a cosy corner looking out upon the trees and flowers, where he can sit and write in peace, sure that his frugal board will be furnished with "convenient food," he may romance to his heart's content about the vanity of riches.

Savages never accumulated wealth: if they did they would be sure to be robbed of it. They live from hand to mouth—mainly by hunting and plunder.

As soon as men begin to lay by something which they can call their own, the first step in civilization is taken, and the days of absolute barbarism are over.

When a man is ready to sacrifice everything else for the sake of making himself rich, he deserves to be scorned; but if the desire after riches should all at once die out in the community—of which there is at present very little danger—the wheel of progress would cease to move. It is this desire that incites men to labor, which is another token that distinguishes civilization from barbarism. Savages are always lazy. The men make the women work, and the women do as little as possible.

There are men in high standing who become rich without rendering the slightest return to the world at large. To trade upon the chances of the future, with nothing in hand to trade with, is the same thing in principle that it is to risk all upon the hazard of a die.

There are others who fail to render a fair equivalent for the money which they receive, giving short weight and poor measure, and selling an unsound or adulterated article, knowing it to be so. Far better to die in poverty than to become rich by such devices.

Others become rich by accident. They wake up poor in the morning, and go to bed millionaires at night. A great fortune drops upon them suddenly, as if it fell from the skies, and unless the man can keep his head the wealth that is thus attained is very apt soon to leave him.

It is another thing when wealth is gradually acquired by honest labor of the hands and the brain. Then society is likely to be benefited as well as the prospered man himself. It is this which dignifies wealth and makes the possessor honorable.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE rapid increase in the consumption of cigarettes is shown by the fact that only 2,000,000 were made in this country in 1874, while for the fiscal year ending June 30 last the number was 565,000,000.

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THE London correspondent of a Paris paper writes: "The English have singular amusements. Their fashionable game of the moment, and for ladies, mind you, is to fish for candies with their fingers in bowls of burning punch. They say that the Princess of Wales burned herself cruelly. What do you think of this adorable recreation?"

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THE Thirteen Club, of New York, composed of gentlemen desirous of showing their contempt for superstition, blackballed W. J. Florence, the actor, on account of reports of his superstitious behavior at sea. The club waiter, however, cannot be persuaded to bring in thirteen plates, and he pours out fourteen glasses of wine, doubtless drinking one himself.

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To grow richer at the rate of more than $2,000,000 a day is the present happy fate of this nation. The annual increase of wealth in the United States is estimated at $825,000,000, while the annual accumulation in Great Britain is $325,000,000; in France, $376,000,000; and in Germany only $200,000,000. Annual incomes reach the highest averages in this country and in Great Britain—$165.

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As the results of extended investigation made by the Minister of Public Works in France, and which demonstrated that transportation by water would cost only about two-fifths as much as by land, $300,000,000 will be expended in improving inland navigation. This is to be done from a comprehension of the fact that French manufacturers must have cheaper rates of transportation to hold their own against German competition.

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EASTER day fell on April 9 in 1871. It will not, however, fall on this day again after the present year till 1944. In 1886 it will fall on April 25, its latest possible date. This will be the first time it has occurred since the introduction of the new style in 1752. It will then not occur again on April 25 until after an interval of fifty-seven years, or in 1848; and then not again for one hundred and sixty-three years.

—

CRANKS of all degrees engage in evangelical work as they find opportunity. At Swindon, England, three brothers, who style themselves converted gypsies, have been holding enthusiastic revival meetings. At Quincy, Ill., a brace of itinerants, calling themselves the Vanguard of Holiness, hired a hall and gathered crowds. Very soon they had a so-called revival in full blast. They made many converts, but abused the ministers of the churches of Quincy. Before long there was more disorder than holiness in the meetings. The itinerants were found to be men without good character, bent only on taking up collections. The Quincy people frightened them out of town by threatening to arrest them as vagrants unless they departed. They "shook the dust off their feet" against that city, and left for parts unknown.

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RUSSIA encourages women in the medical profession. Twelve female doctors are now officially engaged in teaching medicine to women, thirty are in the service of various departments, and forty others serve the hospitals. The number of female students is steadily increasing. Twenty-five female doctors who took part in the military operations of 1877 have been decorated, by order of the Emperor, with one of the honorary orders.

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A PAPER has been discovered in the archives of Venezuela, dated 1780, which gives a historical summary of early projects for piercing the Isthmus of Panama. The first goes back to the reign of Philip II of Spain, who, at the instigation of the Viceroy of the Indies, sent some Flemish engineers to investigate on the spot the feasibility of the undertaking. Their report was altogether adverse, and thereupon Philip II threatened the penalty of death against whoever should again bring up the project.

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THE court room at Dallas, Texas, was altogether too small to admit all who desired to be present in the breach of promise case of Evans versus Cranby, when the love letters of the plaintiff were being read. A great crowd gathered outside the building, and a man at a window obliged them by repeating, in a loud voice, the sentimental sentences as they were uttered in court. Evans was a popular man about town, and the choice passages from his effusions were greeted with cheers.

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THE dense fog in London recently has caused the deaths of a number of persons. A coroner's inquest in the case of a wheelwright named James Smith, showed that the fog had hastened his death very materially, developing bronchitis to an alarming extent. The fog brought on effusion of the brain in the case of Alice Wright, which caused her death, while the bronchial pneumonia, which carried off a little boy named Pepper, was ascribed by the attending physician to the poison of the fog.

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A LEADING firm in fancy and choice stationery has some fine things in their sample book. A card just gotten up for a New York draftsman has a square palette on it in mahogany and light wood colorings, on which is neatly printed the draftsman's name. It is now the style to have one's residence printed in full on stationery, with a crest or monogram at the head of the sheet; the same crest is placed quite high above the point of the envelope, and the old custom of using a seal with wax has come back.

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ALPINE guides in Germany and Austria are in future to undergo a regular course of instruction under the auspices of the Alpine clubs of the respective countries. Special schools have been established, and the course includes the rudimentary knowledge of geography and the nature of glaciers; the geography of the German and Austrian Alps; the geography of the respective districts, and the knowledge of all noteworthy sights and legends; the use of compass and thermometer; and instruction in rendering medical aid in case of accidents.

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A HAMBURG journal contains an article by "A Sailor," in which the dangers to the public arising from the competition of steamship owners, who endeavor to outstrip each other in the ocean passages of the vessels, are stated with some cogency. The result of the recent developments of steamboat traffic and construction, he contends, has been that the mark has been overshot, and ocean travel made increasingly perilous. This is due, first of all, chiefly to the change in the proportion of the length to the breadth, as shown lately in the building of steamers; for example, the large Transatlantic passenger steamers. Whereas, formerly, the maximum of length was six times the breadth for steamers intended for ocean traffic (a proportion still employed for large men-of-war), for some years steamers have been built longer and longer in proportion to their breadth, in the endeavor to increase their capacity and speed without an equal increase of machine power and consequent use of coal; and this has at last reached a point at which every experienced sailor must shake his head.

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THE Louisville *Courier-Journal's* Washington correspondent tells of a young woman of high life whose nurse from infancy still acts as her devoted waiting-maid, sits up for her mistress night after night, and on her return from a ball undresses her, sponges her down and rubs her—well, as her trainer would rub Maud S., perhaps—and then, after administering a cup of hot beef tea, tucks her up in bed to sleep till noon; for it is only by this careful treatment that she is able to stand the ravages which the gay season makes upon her delicate organization. Her mother, with a degree of pride, further informed the correspondent that "nothing was expected of her daughter but to enjoy herself, and rest when she was tired, so she could continue to participate in the galeties while the season lasted."

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How very commonplace is the expression, "good-night!" and yet what volumes it may speak for all future time! We never listen to it in passing, that this thought does not force itself upon us, be the tones in which it is uttered ever so gay. The lapse of a few fatal hours or moments may so surround and hedge it in with horror that of all the millions of words which a lifetime has recorded these two little words alone shall be remembered: Good night! The little child has lisped it, as it passed smiling from this world; the lover, with his gay dreams of the nuptial morrow; the wife and mother, with the tangled threads of household cares still in her fingers; the father, with the appealing eye of childhood all unanswered: Good-night! The seal upon days past and days to come. What hand so rash as to tear aside the veil that covers its to-morrow!

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IT is conceded that mourning is going out of fashion in England, where a widow's is the only bereavement which society decrees shall be expressed by heavy black and yards of crape, every other degree of grief being adequately symbolized by a band of crape around the sleeve. Even among Americans the period of mourning is now shortened, and a six months' wearing of black and restraint from social excitements is deemed sufficient in many families, while the propriety of wearing crape at all is seriously questioned. Conservatives claim that this is heartless, while social opinion pronounces in favor of a medium course. But it, as a recent writer says, "there are no longer any defined rules for those who wear mourning," then there is no longer a standard of criticism, and we may rejoice that the mourner can at last act according to his or her own inclination in the matter of wearing black and absenting themselves from amusements.

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IN Italy women grieve in white garments, and men in brown. In China white is worn by both sexes. In Turkey, Syria, Cappadocia, and Armenia, celestial blue is the tint chosen; in Egypt, yellowish brown; the hue of the dead leaf is deemed proper; and in Ethiopia, where men are black, gray is the emblem of mourning. All of these colors are symbols. White symbolizes purity, an attribute of our dead; the celestial blue, that place of rest where happy souls are at peace; the yellow or dead leaf tells that death is the end of all human hope, and that man falls as the autumn leaf; and gray whispers of the earth to which all return. The Lydians considered mourning for the dead an effeminate practice, and so when they grieved they put on women's clothes as a symbol of weakness and as a shame to them for their lack of manliness. The Thracians made a feast when one of their loved ones died, and every method of joy and delight was employed. This meant that the dead had passed from a state of misery into one of never-ending felicity. Black was introduced as mourning by the queen of Charles VIII. Before that the French queens wore white mourning, and were known as white queens.

OLD DREAMS.

BY F. W. B.

Where are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O spring! in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not; the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long!

The footfall and the sweeping robes of spring,
How, once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved, I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yestereve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the beech;
And for one moment Heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment,—it was passed: the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane:
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

So near is Eden, yet so far; it lies,
No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight:
We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

Gribble's Ghost.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

EVERY ONE agreed that, if anyone ever did find his grave an uncomfortable one because of his sins, and so come out for a little fresh air, and a chance to stretch his limbs, or his bones, that old Tom Gribble would be the man.

Every person who had ever had any dealings with the old man, (they sometimes called him the old gentleman, now he was dead,) felt that it would be the most natural thing in the world for him to come back to attend to his money.

Glenville was no more free from superstitious people than the world will average, and if one will examine his neighbors, (or himself) he can readily determine how much that means; and a fear of the supernatural led to a love of the marvelous there, as it always has elsewhere.

And whenever a particularly terrible story had been told by some one in Glenville on a gusty winter's night, the listeners would instinctively look to the north; to the bleak hill back of his old home where they had made Tom Gribble his last one. A ghost story almost seemed like an invitation to him.

Sam Reed had occupied an old tumble-down house, that belonged to Gribble longer than most of the inhabitants of Glenville could remember, and had always been behind with his rent.

One of those worthless old fellows, picking up a precious living by whatever odd jobs he could find to do, Sam Reed was at the same time one of those universal favorites that such old men are apt to be.

Every man, woman and child in Glenville knew of Reed's sly jokes about cheating "old Gribble" out of the interest of his money, by paying the rent a few days late, and everyone of them laughed about it.

It was really a matter for grave comment when Reed paid the agent of the Gribble estate, the full amount due, promptly when it was due, with a guarded remark about the "late lamented Mr. Gribble," and a side-long glance through the north window of the agent's office toward that bleak hill where the grass was just beginning to show green on the lonely grave.

Tom Gribble had been long past middle-life, when he came to live in Glenville. He had money in plenty for two purposes: to invest in cheap property, which would grow in value, or to loan on mortgages. He had been a hard man, although he had kept inside the law, and more than one man who followed him to his last resting place had breathed a curse after him as he was given to the earth's keeping, until the judgment day. And perhaps those who could give him nothing more than this were justified.

Dr. Jim Pincher, who had attended him in his last illness, and Hon. Jack Pincher, his twin brother, who had been his lawyer and agent, seemed to be the only persons who really regretted him. And uncharitable people said their regret could have been bought off for a not very exorbitant sum of money.

No one knew anything of Tom Gribble's relatives when he died in December, and no one was at all sure they knew anything of them when April's sun was pushing winter away from the hill which had covered up all his secrets, good and bad. He had left a curious will; a will designed to hurt some one, said those who had thought over it and puzzled over it.

He left the honorable Jack Pincher his executor, and provided that his three nephews, the only relatives he had in the world, so his will said, should have his property.

Each, beginning with the oldest, was to be offered the homestead on condition of making it his home, and the entire income from it was to be his while he lived there. Each one in succession having failed to take possession within a reasonable time after being notified, was to surrender his chance to the next younger one.

If all declined living there, the property was to be sold and the proceeds, added to the personal property he left, was to be divided among the three nephews.

"Think of living under the dreadful hill where old Gribble is buried," was the general sentiment of the community, and no man there, perhaps, would have done it even to obtain the valuable property left under these strange conditions.

"He will come out and sit on his headstone and watch the one who lives there. That's what he's done that for," said one gloomy individual who evidently believed it.

Hon. Jack Pincher did his duty in notifying the young Gribbles, and informed the loafers in the post office a few days later that they were considering the question of coming to Glenville.

"A limited residence would be a different thing," said the astute Pincher, "but to have to live there all of one's life, in order to secure it to one's heirs, is a good deal to pay for even the Gribble homestead."

We said that in April no one was sure they had seen any of the Gribbles. Neither was anyone quite sure they hadn't.

Tom Gribble had not been in his grave a week before a woman came down from New York, bringing a city lawyer with her, and at once began action to break the will on the ground of being the widow of the deceased, and the mother of his children. She looked sad and worn enough to have been Tom Gribble's wife, but she failed to prove her case. She convinced everyone who knew nothing of the law; but she failed to win. Law sometimes requires so much.

This was in January.

In February, a woman who claimed to be the sister of the dead man appeared, and at once brought suit against the estate for several hundred dollars, which she claimed, had been obtained from her by fraud.

She had not known where Tom Gribble was until it was too late to reach him; and she had lived in want all these years, because of his wickedness.

This woman proved her point.

Ann Gribble was Tom Gribble's sister, and the money had been taken.

Unfortunately he had obtained it by a moral crime, not by a legal one, and she drifted away into the great world outside of Glenville as empty handed as she came.

In March, a famous detective came from San Francisco, and questioned almost every one in the little town.

When the officers of the law find a clue, even though it be a quarter of a century after the crime, they follow it to the end.

The detective did not see fit to tell, his new friends why the trail he had followed when a younger man had been covered from sight for twenty-five years, and he kept silence as to the way in which the death of Tom Gribble had uncovered it again.

But, having questioned all fully on those points which had a bearing on the identity of the man he sought, he left the citizens ready to declare that he was the shrewdest man, the keenest questioner, and the best judge of human nature they had ever met. And he left them with the blunt declaration that, "a murder case which has puzzled me for twenty-five years is a puzzle no longer. I shall mark it in my note-book as finished. It need never be carried beyond Tom Gribble's grave."

So people were ready for anything when April came. And those who wait, usually get what they wait for.

The stage brought a tall young man to the town one morning. His trunks bore the name of John Gribble. He was closeted with Hon. Jack Pincher nearly all day. Just before night he sent his luggage to the Gribble mansion, while he and the lawyer walked over.

The men and boys talked this over in the store where the post office was kept, and where everything from groceries to dry goods was sold, and the women in knots of two or three talked it over while they drank tea at home in their kitchens.

At nine o'clock a small boy brought the most startling bit of news they had had yet to the loungers in the store.

He and two companions had seen Tom Gribble in his grave clothes, with an elbow on each knee, and his chin in his palms, sitting on his headstone and watching the lights in the house from which they had carried him up to his narrow house on the windy hill three months before.

And the next day John Gribble took his luggage and left Glenville. Before going, he signed a formal resignation of any claim to the Gribble estate to be gained by a residence there.

Charley Gribble sent notice that he should not accept the conditions imposed and live at the old estate at Glenville. But Fred Gribble wrote that he would consider the matter.

Meantime Tom Gribble's ghost came, little by little, to be one of the institutions of the place.

A half-dozen times the watcher on the headstone had been seen, always at night. Once two boys had met a horrible sheeted figure a half mile from the grave. And on another occasion there had been a light seen in the old mansion; and in the room which the old man had always occupied.

Terror had settled down on Glenville, and the rich acres and substantial house bid fair to be sold for a mere song when the time should come to sell the really valuable property.

But in July, Glenville had another sensation.

A stout young fellow with closely cut brown hair and keen grey eyes walked into the office of the little hotel, one bright morning, put the name "Fred Gribble" on the register, and sauntered up to the house which was the fear of all the town.

At noon his elastic step was heard on the sidewalk, and he ate as hearty a dinner as anyone. After dinner he stood for a few minutes in the office, and mentioned that he should spend the night in the Gribble house, and asked if anyone would go with him. No one volunteered, and he finally hired the landlord's son and Sam Reed, for a ten-dollar bill each to go with him.

The thunder clouds were rising in the West as the three men went up the path to the house.

The grass along the path was hot and dry. Everything was still. Nature was waiting in the calm before the storm.

On the hill, back some forty rods from the house, the headstone of the Gribble who was dead and gone, stood out clear and white against the blackness of the clouds, which had crept around toward the North, before the eyes of the living Gribble.

The trees up there were beginning to sway and tremble as if in anticipation of the storm which was coming. It lacked an hour of sundown. Night and tempest were evidently coming together. What else was coming no human mind could tell. Fate is fate, and always will be.

Fred Gribble spent an hour in the room in which his dead uncle had spent the last days of his life.

He rummaged about among the books on the shelves. The papers from his desk had of course been taken charge of by his lawyer. Reed and the landlord's boy kept close by his side. They were nearly dead with fear already.

Young Gribble found nothing to pay him for his search, unless this little scrap in his uncle's hand on the fly-leaf of a book of poems could be considered pay.

"A bad man should have his own way at last; for only in death can he make amends for anything. God's curse rest on any man who stands between me and my last wishes."

It bore date less than a week before his death.

As young Gribble returned the book to the shelves without a word, the first long roar of the thunder came down the rising wind, and the first drops of the coming tempest flashed against the windows.

It had become too dark to read even the titles of the books on the shelves almost in a moment.

Sam Reed and his companion had uttered a cry almost as the thunder sounded. But it was not caused by the thunder and the storm.

No, for as Fred Gribble looked from the window toward the North, a horrible form stepped from behind the headstone on the hill and commenced to walk slowly towards the house.

Reed and the boy looked to young Gribble for the signal to fly.

They would have faced the storm sooner than the death-like shape coming slowly down the slope toward them.

But Fred Gribble was fitting the pieces of a pocket rifle together with the greatest coolness in the world.

The figure had advanced to within ten rods of the house when Fred threw up the window before which he stood, and shouted:

"Halt! This has gone far enough! Three paces farther and your blood be upon your own head."

And the answer in a deep voice came down the slope: "Why disturb you the dead. I cannot sleep up yonder with you here!"

"One pace—two paces—three paces!"—counted Fred Gribble, "halt, or I fire."

But the figure raised one long fleshless arm to its head, pushed away the drapery there, and disclosed a grinning skull.

It continued to advance. Reed and the boy were down on their knees half dead with terror.

But Gribble raised his rifle, aimed at where the heart should be in a living man, aimed steadily and deliberately, and fired. And the skull dropped from the head upon which it had rested; the skeleton arm dropped to the ground. Two very human arms clutched at the air. A very human face white with agony and fear looked from the folds of the sheet.

It was the face of the Hon. Jack Pincher. He was dead when they reached him.

In his pocket was the last will and testament of Tom Gribble, dated weeks later than the one with the strange conditions in it.

Truly "a bad man should have his own way at last," for in this will all his property, after paying what he owed his sister, went to the wife he had deserted, and to her children. He had partly made amends, at least, for the life he had lived.

Pincher had simply meant to buy the estate for almost nothing, which he could perhaps have done under the old will, but certainly not under the new one.

* * * * * * *

Tom Gribble's wife lives in the Gribble mansion now, and Tom's sister lives with her.

For the sake of the love she had for him once, a love which has perhaps never entirely died out, she keeps flowers blooming upon and around the grave upon the windy hill in every month when flowers will bloom.

She never knew of the suspicion of murder against her husband, and she never will.

Glenville gossips swore that years ago. Perhaps the detective from San Francisco was mistaken.

Only a power greater than man knows.

Glenville people think with a pitying kindness of the old man whose life is a mystery to them yet, and they say that sin may be undone in a degree by the act which does a tardy justice.

Fred Gribble has never told anyone of what he read in his uncle's library that tragic evening.

But he often wonders whether the lawyer would have dared what he did if he had known of the written curse; and if he would have gone to his death if the curse had not been written.

Who can tell?

No one in Glenville believes in ghosts now, and Sam Reed is terribly irregular with his rent again.

A Wayside Flower.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"I've just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving,
And all of its powers for pleasure or pain
Been slowly and sadly proving."

HERE THE sweet, girlish voice falters, and Jessie Gray sighs as she picks up her sewing again. She is sitting in the garden under the apple trees, and a very pretty picture she makes. At least, Arthur Thorne thinks so, as he walks quietly up the path and over to where she is sitting.

"I don't see why you sigh, Miss Jessie. There cannot surely be any application in that song to yourself."

"How your voice startled me, Mr. Thorne. I did not see you coming on account of the intervening trees."

As she says this, Jessie looks up at him, vainly trying to surpress the blush that rises to her face.

"Of course there isn't," she continues, referring to his remark. "I was not thinking of myself, and suppose I sighed unconsciously."

Arthur Thorne is unquestionably handsome. He is the only son of a very wealthy widow lady, who is spending the summer at Scarborough.

Arthur has been with her until about three weeks ago when he suddenly tired of the round of fashionable gaiety he was indulging in, and bidding his mother a hasty good-bye, he started off, and soon found himself in a quiet little village.

Upon questioning different ones, he was directed to Gray's pleasant farm house, where he received a cordial welcome.

Of course, the plain though comfortable room, with the great feather beds, was something very novel to this fashionable young gentleman; still everything was so sweet and clean that he rather liked it, and he decided to stay as long as he was contented.

At first he thought a few days would suffice; but when he caught a glimpse of his kind host's pretty daughter, he changed his mind.

Jessie Gray is indeed, pretty enough to attract anyone, either young or old. She is just eighteen; a pretty, slight girlish figure, short black hair curling all over her proud little head and low, white forehead; a small straight nose, and the sweetest little mouth in the world.

"Come, don't be so industrious, Miss Jessie," says Arthur, as he tries to take the sewing from her. "I want you to come for a row, as it is too lovely an afternoon to stay away from the water." And he looks at her with a coaxing expression that she—poor little girl—cannot resist.

So they start off across the fields, and soon reach a very pretty lake nestling in the midst of Mr. Gray's broad acres.

Unmooring a dainty little boat just large enough for two, they get in and are soon seen skimming over the water by Arthur Thorne's master strokes.

After awhile he stops, and resting on his oars looks up to find Jessie's beautiful eyes fixed on him with an expression in them he has never before seen.

"Of what are you thinking, little girl? You are not half as merry as usual."

As he asks this, a strange feeling comes over him, and he suddenly realizes why he has been so contented during the last two weeks.

Yes, he loves her, not as he has thought he loved a dozen other girls, to tire of them in a week, but with the strong, over-mastering love that comes but once in a lifetime.

"I was thinking," says Jessie, in her low, sweet voice, "how much I shall miss you when you really go, and how very pleasant the last two weeks have been."

This is too much for him to withstand, and in another moment Arthur's arms are around her, and Jessie's curly head is pillowed on his breast.

"My darling little girl," and his voice is inexpressibly tender as he speaks, "do you realize how dearly I love you, and can you feel any of that deep love for me?"

"Arthur, I fear you already know that I do," and Jessie's glorious eyes look bravely and tenderly up at him.

They sit quietly talking for awhile, till finally the sinking of the sun in the West reminds Jessie that she has household duties to attend to; and so Arthur rows her back to the land, and they return to the house.

In the evening, after the farmer and his wife have retired, the lovers have a long talk, and Arthur explains to Jessie that it is best not to tell her parents of their engagement till he has arranged everything with his mother.

"She has already selected a great belle for me to marry, darling, and it may be rather difficult to convince her that I shall be far happier with my dear little Jessie."

"Are you sure you will be, Arthur?" asks Jessie, looking at him rather wistfully.

"My dear little girl, when I am not contented a moment away from you, I am sure I would never be happy with Esther Hamilton," answers Arthur, kissing the sweet lips so near his own.

Two more weeks pass, which they enjoy to the utmost, when at the end of that time a telegram arrives, telling Arthur of the dangerous illness of his mother, and asking him to return at once.

"I can't bear to have you go, Arthur. I feel as if something would happen to keep

you from me." And tears dim the brightness of her eyes as Jessie says this.

"What a fanciful little girl you are!" he answers, as he kissed them away. "Don't you know, my darling little girl, that nothing could do that?"

Finally the good-byes are said, and he is gone.

Arriving in Scarborough, he goes directly to the house at which his mother is staying, to find her indeed very ill.

The doctors say a trip to Mentone is all that can save her, and so he goes without seeing his little *fiancee*.

To be sure he writes her a loving good-bye. Still she is sorely disappointed.

At the time of Arthur Thorne's first coming to the farm-house, there were several of the neighboring farmers' sons who paid Jessie a great deal of attention.

Of course she received them graciously enough; still she had never cared particularly for any.

There was one, an exceedingly well-to-do young farmer, who had loved Jessie all his life. He worked a very fine farm, and Mr. Gray and his wife wanted Jessie to marry him; still, when he proposed and was refused, they thought too much of their daughter's happiness to urge the matter.

He felt very bitter about it, and Arthur Thorne's coming only added fuel to the flame, especially when he saw how much the latter and Jessie were together.

He always brings the letters from the post office to Mr. Gray's, so when letters come from Arthur Thorne it is a very easy matter to keep them.

At first Jessie thinks Mrs. Thorne's illness prevents Arthur's writing; but as the weeks wear on she begins to grow heart-sick.

Once or twice the farmer and his wife say it is strange they never hear from Arthur, but finally they cease thinking of him.

Not so poor little Jessie; each week finds her longing more and more for some word that will tell her she is remembered and loved.

But time passes on; autumn, winter, and spring come and go, and it is once more beautiful June.

Jessie is again sitting in the garden, but now there is no song upon her lips, and there is a sadness in her beautiful eyes that never used to be there.

Finally the door of the farm house opens, and kind, motherly Mrs. Gray comes out. There is an anxious look on her face as she sees her daughter.

A few weeks before, on being questioned Jessie told her mother about her engagement to Arthur Thorne, and of his strange silence during the month of his absence. The kind mother said nothing to reproach her, as she pitied her too much for that.

"Jessie, dear," she says, as she reaches her, "why don't you go for a row or a walk or something? I hate to see you sitting quietly thinking all the time. Go, darling find some amusement; see some of the young people, and forget about Arthur Thorne, for he is not worth one of your pure thoughts."

"Don't, mother dear! I can't bear to hear you speak bitterly of Arthur.

"Remember I love him, and cannot, will not, believe anything against him."

Jessie's impetuosity brings the color to her face, but as it recedes, leaving it so white, its delicacy is very perceptible.

She is very fragile these days, so different from the rosy-cheeked little beauty of last summer.

"I don't understand how you can believe in his love after a year's silence," says Mrs. Gray, but regrets it instantly as she notices the pained expression on her daughter's face.

"I will not try to explain, but I have perfect faith in him if I wait for years or for ever."

Saying this, Jessie leaves the seat and walks towards the lake.

Arriving there, and feeling tired after the exertion of walking, she lies down under the trees, where she soon falls fast asleep.

An hour has passed away, when the perfect stillness is disturbed by a step, and Arthur Thorne comes in view.

He is sun-burned, and the careless look hitherto seen on his face is gone.

As he looks down at Jessie, looking so pure and sweet before him, a something shakes his strong young frame.

Whose treachery is it that has made the changes in that bright, sweet face?

He has just come from the house, where everything has been explained on both sides; how he has written continually without receiving a word in reply, and that his mother's illness had kept him at her side until death released him, after nearly a year elapsing.

He had then hurried to Jessie, to have everything explained.

As he looks on her, a great longing to take her in his arms almost overmasters him, when Jessie, moving in her sleep, murmurs, "I knew you would come, Arthur, in spite of your never writing."

In an instant she is in his arms, and awakening, looks once more on his loved face.

"Arthur!" is all she says, and then quietly faints away.

He carries her to the house, and she is laid in her bed, from which she does not rise for six weeks.

Brain fever confines her, and from her wild ravings they learn of the fearful suffering she endured so patiently.

Finally consciousness and strength return, and she is carried down stairs for the first time just a year from the day she met Arthur Thorne.

During their conversation it dawns upon Jessie that William Black must be responsible for all her suffering; but she is so happy now that she insists that nothing shall be done to him.

"Everything is explained now, dear Arthur, and his conscience must reproach him more bitterly than ever we could do." And Jessie looks at him pleadingly.

"Of course you will have your own way, my darling, and if the color will only return to these dear little white cheeks I will forgive him," answers Arthur, tenderly kissing the cheeks in question until there is a good deal of color in them.

In a few weeks Jessie's health is fully recovered, and then there is a quiet wedding in the little parish church.

The sun never shone on a lovelier bride than Jessie Gray makes as she stands at the altar in her simple white dress and veil, and gives herself into Arthur Thorne's keeping forever.

"We will have elegance afterwards," Arthur says, as he insists on her simple dress. "I want you to come to me as I found you —a sweet little wayside flower."

THE CHAMELEON.—The name "chameleon" is derived from two Greek words signifying "ground lion," a name singularly proper, since it is one of those creatures which are specially fitted by their organization to live on trees, and which are comparatively ill at ease when on the surface of the earth. Aristotle was acquainted with the singular motions of their eyes, but even he fell into some curious mistakes respecting it, and he tells us that it has no spleen, and no blood, except in the vicinity of its head and eyes. Pliny is careful to restate these errors, and further tells us that it lives without eating or drinking, and though generally an inoffensive animal, becomes terrible savage in the dog days. He also adds, on the authority of Democritus, that it has the power of attracting to the earth birds of prey so that they become in turn the prey of other animals, and that its head and neck, when burned on oak charcoal, will cause thunder and rain to occur simultaneously. On the other hand, he rejects as fabulous the Grecian belief that its right leg, cooked with a certain herb, has the power of making a person invisible; that the thigh of its left leg mixed with sow's milk will induce gout if the foot be rubbed with the compound, and that a man may be made to incur the hatred of all his fellow-citizens by having his gate-posts annointed with a mixture of chameleon's intestines and the renal secretion of an ape. Aldrovandus informs us on the authority of older writers, that if a viper passes beneath a tree in the branches of which a chameleon is perched, the latter will let fall some of its saliva upon the viper which is thereby killed; and he further tells that elephants sometimes unwittingly eat chameleons among the leaves of the trees on which they feed, and that meal is a fatal one unless the elephants have recourse to the wild olive as an antidote.

LIVING ON THE MOON.—Professor Proctor in a recent lecture stated that the moon did not revolve around the earth, but that the two circle about each other, and the real centre of revolution of each is the sun. If there were a railway sufficiently "elevated" to reach the moon, which is 238,818 miles distant from us, we should be fifteen months making the journey at ordinary railroad speed. Upon arriving, we should observe several interesting phenomena. First, it is a very respectable luminary of a diameter of 2,081 miles, with a surface of 14,000,000 square miles, a volume one-forty-ninth of that of the earth, and a mass one-eighty-first of it. Then, the force of gravity being one-sixth of that of the earth, we could be thirty-six feet high, and still quite as active as we are here. But our longer bodies would have a longer day in which to disport themselves, for there is a lapse of twenty-nine and one-half of our days between the lunar sunrise and sunset. Our extremities, however, would certainly suffer after sunset, for the surface of the moon is 250 degrees below zero at midnight, and the reaction towards noon would try even our prolonged proportions, for at noon the surface would be 38 degrees above the boiling point. We should be very quiet, probably, for there is no living creature there now. Still, as Professor Proctor has said that all planets pass through five stages, the last of which is death—a stage which the moon has reached—the apprehensive mind naturally inquires how soon the earth will probably reach it. The Professor answers, reassuringly, that the earth is now about 500,000,000 years old, and that it took the moon 800,000,000 to reach its present state. He therefore concludes that it will take the earth 500,000,000 years more to reach the same condition. There is thus no immediate cause for apprehension.

A STATESMAN'S PECULIARITIES.—The contrast between a great man as he appears to the world and as he appears in private life was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the younger Pitt. When he was at Walmer he used to go to a farm where hay and corn were kept for the horses. He had a room fitted up there with a table and two or three chairs. He used to say that whenever he could retire from public life he would have a good English woman cook. We find him again drinking out of a lady's shoe, and superintending his sister's toilet. Lord Chatham was a model of domesticity. The pride, bordering upon insolence, in which he showed himself encased to the world, fell naturally from him, and without any effort to put it off, as he crossed the threshold of his own door. He was however, always studious to maintain his dignity, and it was noticed that when he read Shakspeare in his family circle he invariably passed the volume on to some one else when he came to the comic passages, resuming it again when the serious portions recommenced.

New Publications.

One of the most striking books in the way of compilation that late years have produced, is "Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World." It is magnificently finished and bound in crimson binding, making it in this least essential respect, equally attractive as in others. It would occupy pages to give a thorough idea of the highly valuable contents of this colossal feat in book-making. The best we can do is to make a general attempt at the whole. Firstly, it gives all particulars concerning every journal published in the world, with hundreds of full-page reduced fac-similes of the more prominent. Coupled with these is a great deal of curious and valuable knowledge, statistics, etc., with correct and finely drawn and colored maps of the various countries of the earth. There are dozens of pages, magnificently illustrated, devoted to the ever fascinating history of printing and journalism. The press of this country is specially treated, and numerous full-page portraits of the leading journalists of the day are given with sketches. Pictures and descriptions are likewise numerous of the most prominent newspaper buildings of both hemispheres, and photographs by a new process of many of the leading foreign editors and writers. Another feature is a reliable list of the best banks of the world and kindred subjects, with all suitable particulars. Altogether we look upon this book as unique of its kind, and as supplying a long-felt want. It not only shows a vast amount of praiseworthy liberality, labor and research, but gives to the world a thoroughly responsible authority upon the important matters of which it treats. In two large octavo volumes of 2580 pages. Price $10. H. P. Hubbard, editor and publisher, Hartford, Conn.

"One of Cleopatra's Nights," and other romances by the famous French writer, Theophile Gautier, have been translated by Lafcadio Hearn. The opening tale gives title to the book, its companions being "Clarimonde," "Arria Marcella," "A Souvenir of Pompeii," "The Mummy's Foot," "Omphale," "A Rococo Story" and "King Candaules." To those who are in any degree familiar with the works of the fantastic Frenchman, it is unnecessary to commend these excellent selections from his lighter productions, and to those who are not acquainted with him, we advise the perusal of this volume. It will be found in the highest degree entertaining. Beautifully printed and bound in scarlet cloth and gilt. Worthington & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price $1.75.

MAGAZINES.

We have received 20 of Saalfield's 10 cent Library of Music, issued monthly. It is as it claims to be both a good and cheap publication. This number contains "Bring My Hero Home," "I Mean to be a Sailor," Knickerbocker Quickstep" and "Strand ed." R. A. Saalfield, 839 Broadway, New York.

Potter's American Monthly, for April, contains its usual array of excellent matter. Among the articles are "The Home of President Garfield," illustrated, "The Love Life of John Randolph," "Winter Life in Holland," illustrated, "Oddities of Personal Nomenclature," "The Literature of Letter Writing," "The Romance of Two Pianos," etc., etc. The short stories, serials, poetry and in particular the well-filled departments are all good. Potter & Co., publishers, Phila., Pa.

The *Musical World*, for April, besides containing a vast amount of excellent reading matter, valuable to all interested in music, has the following choice pieces of music, local and instrumental: "Patience Lancers," "Kiss Me Darling, Ere I Go," "At Noontide," "A Twilight Fancy," "Mountain Sylph Schottishe." S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, publishers.

St. Nicholas, for April, opens with a charming frontispiece picture by Rosina Emmet, illustrating a timely little poem by Mary Mapes Dodge, entitled "An April Girl." "Brigham, the Cave-Dog," is an account of a clever animal that was lost in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz contributes "The Story of Wanga Pah and the White Elephant," illustrated. "Lord Malapert of Moonshine Castle" is a bright comedy for children, by E. S. Brooks. The veracious legend of "Mr. Weathercock," is given by "Aunt Fanny" Barrow. Walter Satterlee has drawn four page-illustrations for some æsthetical stanzas, called "Lament of the Cat-Tail." Dr. Eggleston's serial, "The Hoosier School Boy," and the "Recollections of a Drummer Boy," by Harry M. Kieffer, are brought, to their conclusions; and "Donald and Dorothy" have a grand good time in their "House Pic-Nic." The illustrated "Northern Myth" stories are continued with the legend of "The Hoard of the Swarthy Elves." Of interest to many readers will be Deacon Green's report on the "Historical Pl." Mary N. Prescott, Margaret Johnson and Margaret Vandegrift, are among those who contribute poems and sketches, and there are drawings by J. Wells Champney, Walter Shirlaw, Addie Ledyard, J. G. Francis, and Jessie McDermott. The Century Co., New York.

The March number of the Philadelphia *Musical Journal* will be found full of good things. It contains eight choice selections of sheet music. In addition, there is a vast fund of musical news and gossip, and able editorials discuss fearlessly the most prominent topics of interest. Published by Wm. Nuneville, No. 1300 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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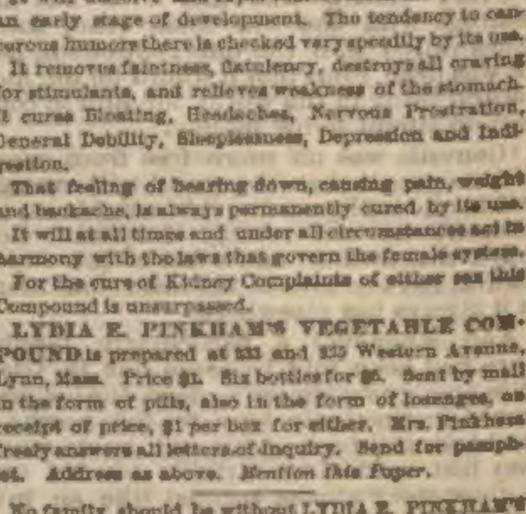

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Facetiæ.

They call China the celestial kingdom, but, from our best knowledge of it, it would seem that tea-restrial were the better designation.

Some men are so extremely careful that they will lock themselves up in the back office for a week to pay old drafts, especially sight drafts.

A London paper says that short honeymoons are to fade away. It is presumed the honeymoon ends when the last quarter is reached.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

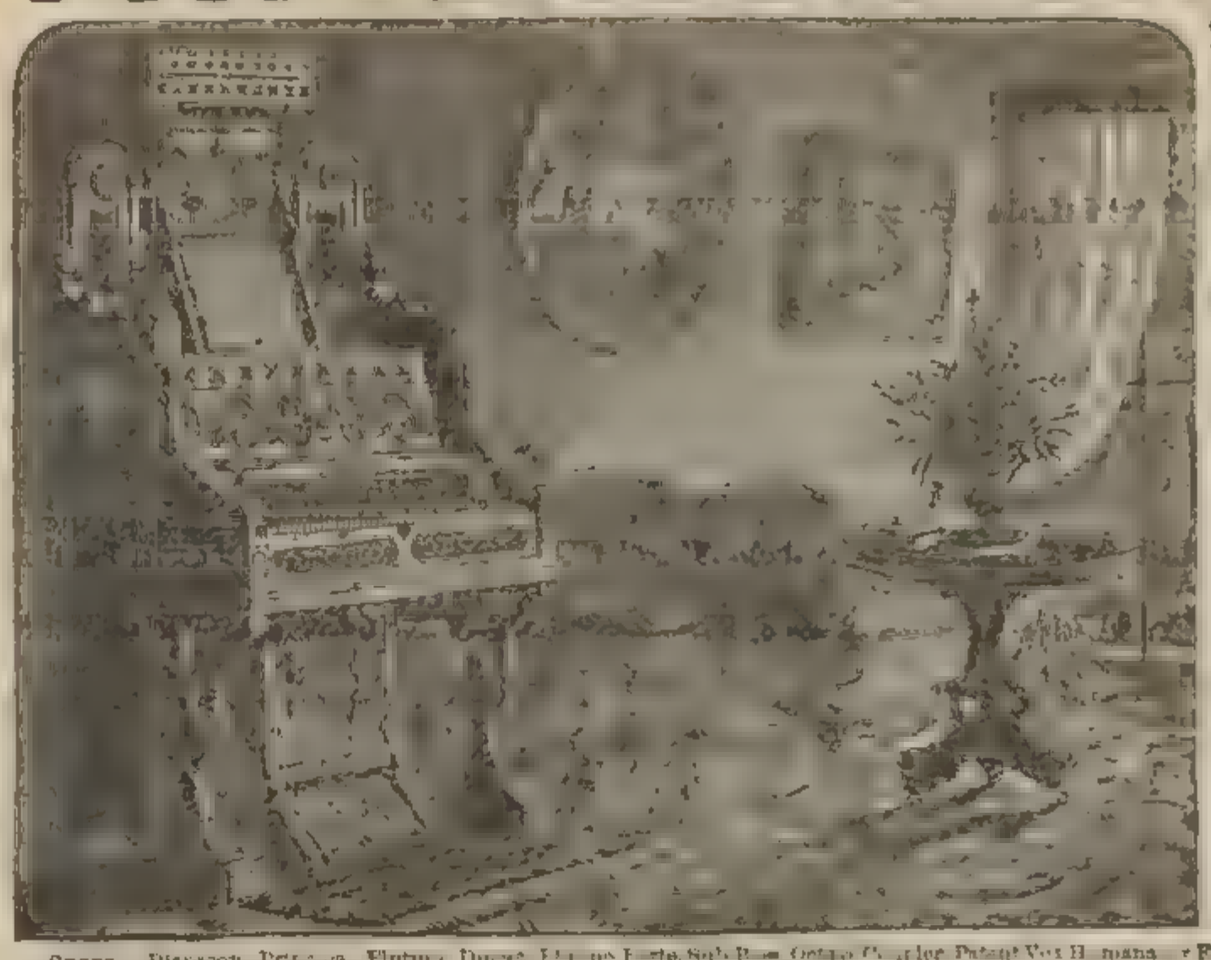
Important.

When you visit or stop in New York City, save Baggage, Expressage and Carriage hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought. Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 824 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

PATTERSON ORGAN!



22 OCTAVES OF REEDS 330 REEDS IN ALL.

PARLOR GRAND

STYLE 600. ACTION 482.

Height, 6 feet 10 inches. Length, 4 feet 1 inch. Depth, 2 feet 6 inches. Weight, 500 pounds. Piano-shaped stop-action. Reeds, Piano, with handsome stool and instruction book.

$125

Why buy the many cheap Organs advertised, or pay Agents and dealers a high price for a common one, when by sending direct to the Manufacturer, avoiding all Agents' commissions, etc., you can get the very best Organ made for only $125?

Read carefully the following description and decide whether it is to your interest to pay double the money for an inferior Organ.

PATTERSON ORGAN, Style 600, Action 482, 22 Octaves of Reeds, 330 Reeds in all.

Reeds at Bass,	24	Sets of Reeds,	11
Diapason,	24	Sets of Reeds,	11
Dulciana,	24	Sets of Reeds,	11
Principal,	24	Sets of Reeds,	11
Flute,	24	Sets of Reeds,	11
Celeste,	37	Sets of Reeds,	11 Tenor.
Ophicleide,	37	Sets of Reeds,	11 Tenor.
Piccolo,	37	Sets of Reeds,	11 Treble.
Flutina,	24	Sets of Reeds,	11 Treble.
Sub-Bass,	13	Sets of Reeds,	11 Bass.

Stops: Diapason, Dulciana, Flutina, Dulcet, Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler, Patent Vox Humana, Fan Tremolo, Forte and Grand Organ Knee Swell. Case of Solid Walnut, 6 feet 10 inches high, 4 feet 1 inch wide, 2 feet 6 inches deep, 40 inch top, with Canopy Top, Serpentine Design, Fancy Scroll Work, and Handsome Panel, as illustrated, supported with Full Length Walnut Legs.

The description of this Organ will, to those who are familiar with the best musical instruments of the day, convey a full knowledge of its merits. To those who are not, it would be impossible to describe it in detail. Suffice it to say, it has endless volume and variety of tone combined with sweetness, and is thoroughly appreciated by first-class musicians everywhere. **Fully warranted for six years.**

Shipped on fifteen days' test trial: *freight charges paid by us both ways if unsatisfactory.* **Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue mailed free.**

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$10 REWARD

will be paid for any [illegible] Health or Beauty, [illegible] $1.25, Misses', $1.00. For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations. Insist upon having

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R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artist IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER FEV-TILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

It gives those in creating Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

No. 1. Around the head.	No. 1. Front to back across the head.
No. 2. From ear to ear over the head.	No. 2. Over the head as far as required.
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No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He can always supply for sale a splendid Stock of Ladies' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fronts, Braids, Curls, &c., &c., [illegible] Orders from all part of the world will receive prompt attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair.

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PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures a class of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

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SPRING 1882. SPRING 1882

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[illegible] Simulated Sugar Spoons, any pattern and quality. 2. Parisian [illegible] Pencil. 3. Ladies' Fine Gold Plated Watch Chain. 4. Ladies' Fine Gold Plated Watch Chain. 5. Ladies' Breast-Pin, very handsome. 6. Lockets Charm, for gentleman's watch chain. 7. Ladies' Elegant [illegible] Pin, [illegible] pattern and quality. 8. Ladies' Elegant [illegible] Pin, [illegible] pattern and quality. 9. Cinderella Fans and Watch Case. 10. Ladies' Elegant [illegible] Pin, [illegible] pattern and quality. 11. Cinderella Fans and Watch Case. 12. Ladies' Elegant [illegible] Pin, [illegible] pattern and quality. 13. Cinderella Fans and Watch Case. 14. Ladies' Elegant [illegible] Pin, [illegible] pattern and quality. 15. Cinderella Fans and Watch Case. 16. Ladies' Elegant [illegible] Pin, [illegible] pattern and quality. 17. Cinderella Fans and Watch Case. 18. Ladies' Elegant [illegible] Pin, [illegible] pattern and quality. 19. Cinderella Fans and Watch Case. 20. 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50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name in Ink, New & Artistic design, no two alike, 10c. [illegible] Album of Samples 10c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

40 [illegible] Gilt & Jet Edge, West & Co., Westville, Ct.

Our Young Folks.

AT THE FLOOD-GATES

BY LYDIA GODDARD.

OLD Job Hughes was an eccentric man—a bad, cruel, vindictive man.

He was of the gipsy tribe, and though he had settled down at Wearly Mill many years before our time, he still held aloof from his fellows, after a fashion, his hand being against every one who crossed the path of his will, and as a consequence every man's hand was against him.

Still, he was a good miller. Now Ralph, his nephew, although "touched hard," as we youngsters termed it, with his uncle's passionate, vindictive temper, was somewhat of a favorite with us lads, because of his daring, his pluck, his cleverness, his willingness to enter heartily into anything of mischievous fun; so in any prankish scheme, with Ralph for leader, we were generally successful. Now to my story.

It was one fine day, sunshine laughing all over the meadow on the opposite side of the mill-stream to that where the mill stood, the river itself aglow with the same golden light, all the tender little leaves opening and clapping their tiny hands, as it were, for very joy, the cuckoo crying, and the birds keeping up a musical clamor in the overhanging trees. I, a lad of ten, with Nip, my dog, a little black and white cur of no particular breed, were having our romps there all by ourselves; I throwing bits of stick into the turbulent waters of the mill-river, Nip wading in and bringing them out again.

At last I went out on to the bridge spanning the stream, over which foot passengers came to the mill from the village, and as I gave a shrill whistle through my fingers I caught sight, as I thought, of a dark face—not Job's, nor the old grinder's—at the mill window.

It was Ralph's, and in a few seconds out he came on to the platform and along to the bridge where I was standing.

I could see he was in a temper by the scowl on his dark young face.

Little tricksy, sprightly, unsuspecting Nip bounded to meet him, leaping, snapping and barking in his wild, rough mirth and gladness; he had done the same many times before.

He sprang as high as his shoulder; ay, snapped at his very hair, all in fun—he never was a vicious dog—but the gipsy lad, in his angry, vindictive mood could not brook his rompish greeting, and ere I knew or realized it he had struck him a heavy blow with a sledge he had in his hand, and not content with that, kicked the senseless morsel over the bridge into the rapid, gurgling water below.

I know not what of anguish swept over me, as I saw the little mite caught and borne on and by the swift stream: greater anguish since then has perhaps overwhelmed me, but never such a yearning, such a craving, such a maddening sense of injustice as that which then surged over me.

I could not let my little pet perish thus; he might yet be rescued, he might not yet be dead.

I was springing from the bridge, when a powerful hand seized me by the collar, and with one swing, as it seemed, tossed me away out in the daisy-strewn meadow, as if I too had been a dog.

"Art mad, you young greenhorn? Let the dog die," said the rough, coarse voice of Job, whose hand it was that had gripped me.

"I'll not see him die," I cried, darting from his hold to the water-side, just in time to see poor Nip sink down for the last time under the sunlit waters.

"What didst kill the brute for?" questioned Job, his hand again on my collar calling to his nephew, standing on the bridge.

The boy laughed a defiant, ringing laugh: it rang out to me, and cut me to the heart.

"He snapped at me, like everybody else," cried the dark, swarthy-face fellow.

"A, 'tis all snapping as plain, honest folk like us get from such as you; and your very dogs take after you." So spoke Job.

"It's untrue!" I cried in my passion, my grief, and surprise at the man taking his nephew's part in thus striking his own friend—for I was, or had been, his friend—and oh! he had struck me, wounded me to the very quick.

My head was in too much of a whirl to realise poor Nip's death yet.

"And you are as bad as if you side with him and take his part," I told him.

"If he crushed me, tossed me into the river as the other had tossed my dog, I did not care."

"You should drink water like your dog if 'tweren't for the law," he hissed, lifting me from the ground and holding me over the river.

"You dare not!" I cried; while Ralph from the bridge shouted, as if he thought the fellow were in earnest, "Hold, uncle, hold!"

He set down among the rushes again, and took his hand off me.

I was too angry, my heart too sore, to fear him; but there was no use lingering on the spot, as Nip was dead, gone beyond recall or rescue; so with head erect I sauntered away.

Of course my father threatened Job with the terrors of the law—or rather Ralph—perhaps both; but it ended in this only, that Ralph and I held aloof from each other, Ralph in shame-faced penitence for his cowardly outburst of temper.

"Will ye have her Master Phil?" he asked, a month after, as I walked by the mill and he stood on the platform in the evening glow, playing with a white kitten, fondling her in his arms, as if that other little life had not gone out by his hand.

"No, Ralph, no," I replied. I know not what of regret and craving strove within me at his words, his half-shy, half-pleading eyes, and the sight of that small, winsome kitten.

"Do you never intend to forget it?" he questioned, while the little white morsel licked his very lips in her caressing fondness.

"I don't know," I returned, my heart swelling at the remembrance of what lay under the turbulent waters flowing on at my side; and I walked on.

It was holiday-time at last, and we—my two sisters, George, and I—were free for all our fun, frolics, and wild adventures. Now it was a picnic, now an excursion over the hills, and now a row all down the mill-river.

This last was the order of the day one hot, lovely afternoon, or rather evening, when not a cloud was to be seen in the sky.

Old Job chose to work of nights as well as by day, so every evening the flood-gates were shut down at sundown, to expedite the working of the mill.

George and I laughed and jested, as we swept along, about the possibility of old Job shutting the flood-gates in our faces, and what would be the result.

Well, we lads shrugged our shoulders and laughed saucily at the two girls, Kate and Maude, as brothers are wont to do when bent on teasing their sisters.

Not a soul was to be seen at the mill as we shot past beneath the red sunlight.

"Why, there's old Job closing the flood-gates!" cried George, as we drew near.

"He'll not shut them," said I re-assuringly, smiling at the two girls, each clinging to the side of the boat with one hand.

"Oh! he's likely enough to," observed George, not in earnest, as I supposed, though my heart was beating with wild rapidity.

"Oh, he is! he is!" sobbed Kate and Maude springing up, nearly overturning the boat.

"Job," shouted George, as we rested on our oars, looking up to where he stood on the high embankment, his evil face red with the sunset, "Job, you'll not do it; you'll overturn the boat."

"Won't I?" cried he.

"Let us dip back, George," said I; and now Ralph's head came peering down at us over the low wall by the flood-gates.

"Don't uncle don't! 'Tis Master Phil and George, and they——." I was thankful to hear him say it. I am thankful now, after years have flown, for that one sentence; before—ah! before——

"No time," returned George to my proposition; and the gates spanned the river.

I remember thinking, in my maze of bewilderment, of Pharaoh and his host, with that wall of water surging over them, bearing them away.

Something like this was upon us; our little, quivering boat was caught like a straw or leaf. The children screamed; we lads were very quiet, but we heard a shrill cry ring out from the bank.

I heard Maude cry, "Phil, I shall be drowned!" and George calling to Kate to cling to him.

I struggled towards a little golden head, but the water swept her on, poor little fair-haired Maude, whom we had brought to her death—a watery grave.

"Hold on, Master Phil, I've got the little 'un!" I caught a sigh of Ralph's face as in a dream, with a look upon it I shall never forget.

Hold on to what? To life, amid that mad swirl of water going and receding? I battled, I fought, I heard a shout from the shore, as from those who were cheering—cheering for what?

"Here Master Phil, here!" A hand clutched me; such a grasping hand it was, such a panting for breath, such a beautiful, dark, pale face, and then that faithful hand bore me away. Dark, dark very dark, it all became around me, a sinking agonising dream was upon me, and, when the light broke over me again, I found that I was in the mill, the glimmer of a candle giving me light.

However we were all saved, and once we were together in the dusky old mill-house parlor—our mother, George, I, Kate, Maude, and Ralph.

"Master Phil, do ye forgive me now?" asked Ralph, his swarthy face glowing with feeling, as he drew me aside into the large bay-window.

"Yes, Ralph; it all went down under the water," I replied trying to speak lightly.

"I was just mad that day—put out with uncle, and then I can't like anybody," he explained.

"But why should you have been mad, and felt like that?" said I, unconscious of how much of life's sweetening influence had been showered upon me.

"Ay, 'tis easy for you Master Phil to be pleasant, and kind, and gentlemanly with her, and her love keeping you company," he added, nodding at my mother, his chief leaning, poor hunger woman! My mother, supposing herself called, came to us.

"My boy, what is it?" she asked of Ralph.

"Oh! ma'am, I was saying, if I had you—a mother—to love me, I'd be a different lad; but I've had nobody and nothing but uncle, and he's worse than me, and I'll be as bad as him before long."

"But, my dear boy, if you have no mother above, you have a father's care and love," said my mother.

"A father's?" The dark gipsy eyes, full of tears, were raised questioningly to hers.

"Yes, a heavenly Father's love," returned my mother gently. "He never leaves the least of His children without love, it seems to me He gives them a double share of His own."

"I'd like to feel He loved me," whispered Ralph.

"He does, my boy. His name in the Bible, His own Word, is love. 'God is love,' we read. And, do you know, I shall love the boy who saved my son's life," my mother told him, drawing him to her.

All this was Latin and Greek to young Ralph, but not for long; a very sun of love seemed to rise on that day for him—earthly love, earthly forbearance from our mother and us, when his petulant, untutored temper, too sorely tried by his uncle, would have its way again and again—a heavenly love, which came stealing down like the very dew, sweetening and refreshing him day by day.

As for old Job, living with so much sweetness he somehow caught a little of the same spirit, the same temper, and became less harsh, less of an Arab, less vindictive, and was never known to shut the flood-gates so ruthlessly again. Ay, love, heavenly and earthly, is life's sweetness, our all. Without it, more favored ones than poor gipsy Ralph are out in the cold.

DARNING STOCKINGS.

"DON'T look so cross, Ellen," said my grandmother, mildly, as I very reluctantly commenced mending a pair of stockings.

"What would Fred Graham say if he could see your dimples lost in such a cloud?"

I did not care what Fred Graham would think, I pouted, or any one else.

I was an exception truly. I had no doubt that every one of the girls was glad that it rained, so that we could not go to the picnic, only that they might stay at home to enjoy the exquisite felicity of darning stockings.

Oh, of course, how delightful! And I began to cry.

My grandmother looked quietly over her spectacles, but said nothing.

I avoided her gaze, and jerked the needle indignantly through the rent, and broke it.

This was too much, so I tossed the offending stocking aside, and walked to the window.

It was a dreary, rainy day, one of those on which the rain descends with a quiet persistence, as if it never intended to leave off, as if, in truth, it really enjoyed descending. I stood watching the few passers-by hurrying over the sloppy pavements.

Opposite was the residence of our stylish neighbors, the Simpsons.

At the window facing mine was a seamstress using a sewing-machine.

I heartily wished that some benefactor of the human race would invent a "darning-machine."

If somebody only would! what a relief it would be to mothers of large families, for instance, with limited means; not to mention weary maidens, on dreary days, when it rains, and they can't go to picnics!

O dear! And there was Miss Simpson practising in the front drawing-room.

She had no stockings to darn: not she. Wealthy, and the only child, if she wished she might put on a new pair every morning; silk ones, too.

I absolutely envied her such felicity.

I seated myself and threaded my needle in a worse humor than before.

I knew the alternative—that I must either darn my stockings or go without them—so I dared away.

At last I finished, and could not refrain from a muttered "Thank Heaven!"

"Have you finished?" asked my grandmother. "Surely you must be exhausted by such severe labor."

I was tempted to say I was; but the smile that played around her lips forbade me.

"Come, then," she said, gaily, "it is just lunch time, and I think something to eat will revive your spirits.

"Take the keys, and afterwards I have a little story to tell you."

A nice luncheon is, nine times out of ten, a sure provocative to good-humor; and, accordingly, when finished, I took my seat on a little stool beside my grandmother, and smiled very complacently in her face.

"Well, well; the dimples have come back again," she said, as she saw them playing hide-and-seek around the corners of my mouth.

"And she stooped to kiss the one on my chin, calling it the good little dimple that had never been away.

"I cannot think," she began, "why there is so universal a dread of darning stockings.

"The stitch is easy—the same as that used for lace, which was a fashionable employment fifty years ago; it requires but little skill, and gives unlimited range to thought and but little care to the fingers; yet not one in fifty can hear it mentioned without mentally recoiling at the idea.

"In my day it was a kind of recreation after our regular plain sewing; regularly as Friday came, the mending-basket was placed on the table, and my sisters and I chatted gaily, as we drew the rents together; but now I almost believe half our girls would rather go with rents in their stockings than darn them."

"Now to my story."

"You have often seen your cousin Mary, Edward's wife.

"When they were here in the spring, her many good qualities won your admiration. Still I remember one day that you expressed your surprise that a man so handsome and well-informed, should have married one so unmistakeably plain; and he, too, so great an admirer of beauty. Let me gratify your curiosity.

"Once upon a time, as the story-books say, years ago, when he was much handsomer than now, he loved Caroline Willoughby.

"She was extremely beautiful, accomplished, fascinating, and our reigning belle. He worshipped her with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature.

"One summer evening, as they were riding down one of the green lanes alone and in silence, he made up his mind to tell her of his devotion, but could find no words. Her horse shyed unexpectedly, and fell; he was at her side in an instant, pale with fright.

"He conveyed her to the nearest house, and sent a servant in great haste for a surgeon.

"He came, and, fearing her leg was broken, desired the servant to remove her stocking.

"Off came the dainty little boot that Edward had so tenderly held as she mounted, and revealed a tattered stocking.

"The doctor smiled, assured him no bones were broken, and lent them his carriage to convey them home.

"Neither spoke. Entering the house, Edward briefly explained to her mother the circumstances, expressed his regret, and turned to leave; then, suddenly pausing, he added, 'In the hurry of the moment, I had almost forgotten it—Miss Willoughby's stocking,' and, bowing, placed it on the table.

"The poor girl fainted, and was ill for sometime afterwards.

"She really loved him, and 'twas a great blow to her when she found that he no longer sought her society.

"As for Edward, the slattern's stocking cured his love.

"For a time he avoided ladies' society, and rapidly rose to eminence in his profession. 'Twas six years after this when he met your cousin Mary.

"Her good qualities, her self-sacrificing care of her invalid mother, her warm heart, and good common sense, interested him deeply; still, his former experience had made him distrustful.

"Accident decided him. One of her pensioners was living in very destitute circumstances, in an obscure part of the town, and one wet day she went to see her.

"She set out alone, but met Edward.

"He offered his services, and at a muddy crossing her light slipper was left in the mud.

"He stooped to fit it on; there was no one in sight, and she timidly advanced a pretty foot, with the cleanest of stockings, and one of the daintiest of little darns!

"He could resist no longer, and when he told me the story he showed me the identical stocking.

"And now," said my grandmother, kissing me, "the rain is over, the sun is shining and there is Fred Graham at the door."

CHIEFSHIP AND SORCERY.—Of Huitzilopochtli, the founder of the Mexican power, we read that "a great wizard he had been, and a sorcerer;" and every Mexican King on ascending the throne had to swear "to make the sun go his course, to make the clouds pour down rain, to make the rivers run, and all fruits to ripen." Reproaching his subjects for want of obedience, one ruler told them they knew "that it was in his power to afflict them with pestilence, small-pox, rheumatism, and fever, and to make to grow as much grass, vegetables, and plants as they wanted." Ancient Egyptian records yield indications of a similar early belief. Thutmes III., after being deified, "was considered as the luck-bringing god of the country, and a preserver against the evil influence of wicked spirits and magicians." And it was thus with the Jews: "Rabbinical writings are never weary of enlarging upon the magical power and knowledge of Solomon. He was represented as not only King of the whole earth, but also as reigning over devils and evil spirits, and having the power of expelling them from the bodies of men and animals, and also of delivering people to them." The traditions of European peoples furnish kindred evidence. As before shown, stories imply that the Scandinavian ruler, Odin, was a medicine-man, as were also Niort and Frey, his successors. And after recalling the supernatural weapons and supernatural achievements of early heroic Kings, we can scarcely doubt that with them were in some cases associated the supposed magical powers whence have descended the supposed powers of Kings to cure diseases by touching or otherwise.

Two fellows went into a ring to fight at Waterford, N. Y. The first blow did not knock its recipient down, or injure him much, but it convinced him that there would be no fun in even finishing the round, and he took the sponge out of his second's hands and threw it up.

ONE COLD IS SOMETIMES CONTRACTED ON TOP OF ANOTHER the accompanying Cough becoming settled and continued, and the Lungs so strained and racked, that the production of tubercles frequently follows. Many existing cases of Pulmonary Disease can be thus accounted for, and yet how many others are now carelessly allowing themselves to drift through the preliminary symptoms, controlled by the fatal policy of allowing a Cold to take care of itself! On the first intimation of a Cough or Cold, or any Throat or Lung trouble, resort promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe curative of long established reputation, and you may avoid the consequences of such dangerous trifling.

Grains of Gold.

Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Gravity is the rind of wisdom, but it is a preservative rind.

The expression of the face is the monogram of the heart.

Men should not talk to please themselves, but those who hear them.

Great things are not always measured by relative size; every good act is a great act.

Vigor and intelligence can be gained only through continued effort and energetic action.

With God caring for us, we are strong to live; with God supporting us, we are strong to die.

Deference is by far the most complicated, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

Knowledge by itself is only a small power; it is character that converts it into a great power.

Be but yourselves, be pure, be true, and prompt in duty; heed the deep, low voice of conscience.

The surest method of subjecting yourself to be deceived is to consider yourself more cunning than others.

Probably there is no quality more efficient in dispelling ignorance than the courage which dares to confess it.

Character is to knowledge just what interest is to money; it is the animating force that renders it productive.

Liberal people are generally happy people, and get more enjoyment of what they have than folks of churlish minds.

Despair makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original. 'Tis the offspring of laziness and impatience.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart.

Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience and the council chamber of thought.

Those who outlive their income by splendor in dress, etc., resemble a town on fire, which shines by that which destroys it.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing.

Let the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

'Tis a sad thing when men have neither art enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to hold their tongue; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

In the humblest business, as well as in the very highest aims of life, success practically depends on the exercise of the moral quite as much as on that of the intellectual faculties.

Leisure itself and the ability to use it wisely are both necessary in order that a man may make the most of himself. The absence of either reacts upon the other to weaken and diminish it.

Philosophical and practical views of life harmonize perfectly if they are only held in unison. It is only when those who emphasize one despite the other that discord and failure ensues.

The man of principle needs not the restrictions of seal or signature, or any legal instrument. He deals in solitude as in public, at midnight as in sunshine. His heart is the throne of honor, and his brow the witness of manly integrity.

Good nature is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may raise admiration, eloquence lead the mind captive, judgment command respect, knowledge attention, beauty inflame the heart with love; but good nature has a more powerful effect than any of these.

It is said that idleness is the root of gossip; but not always is this the case, for the fingers may be working busily enough, and usefully, too, while the tongue is ill-naturedly employed; it is rather mental idleness which tends to gossip than mere bodily inactivity.

The noble passion, true love, contains all the elements of self-sacrifice. Love that pines, and whines, and envies, and feels spiteful at every attention not lavished on itself and its own gratification is not love at all, although it goes so often by the name, and is mistaken for it.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.

Everything that tends to make people wiser, happier or better—everything which elevates their taste, enlarges their capacities, strengthens their principles, and improves their character—everything which contributes to true refinement or warm sympathy—is as direct and permanent a producer of value as the coal-mine or the cotton factory.

The true reason why the societies of men are so full of tumult and disorder, so troublesome and tempestuous, is because there is so little of true religion among men; so that, were it not for some small remainder of piety and virtue which is yet left scattered among mankind, human society would in a short time disband and run into confusion; the earth would grow wild, and become a great forest; and mankind would become beasts of prey to one another.

A Good Healthy Appetite.

A patient says: "I have taken a great many different things, but never in my life took anything like the Compound Oxygen. I feel strong and well, and have such a good, healthy appetite." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 109 and 111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

The hearts of pretty women are like bonbons wrapped up in enigmas.

She who is too easily pleased with herself rarely succeeds in pleasing others.

Don't make up your mind to be sweet to everybody's brother but your own.

No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy.

There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home.

There's one thing Eve never was accused of—that is, of slighting any one when she gave a tea-party.

An Indianapolis couple were married in 1872, divorced in 1877, re-married in 1878, and now sue to be re-divorced.

Beauty goes a great way with most men, but if the girl's got a prospect of $50,000, no one finds fault with her figure.

A Cincinnati woman knocked her husband senseless with a copy of the Bible. The old version is good and strong yet.

Don't boast of your ignorance of household affairs. In the present state of society there is no surer stamp of vulgarity.

Don't marry a man who has no evident way of supporting you. Love on starvation principles was played out long ago.

Young man, if you're courting a girl, and have a moustache, never eat soup in her presence, for you can't do it gracefully, and she'll have no taste for kissing afterwards.

President Grevy has issued an edict that makes instruction in the modern languages in the female colleges free to all girls who exhibit an aptitude for such instruction.

Haters of the Chinese at El Paso, Texas, raised money to defend a woman who had shot a saucy Chinaman, and, after seeing her acquitted, presented her with a silver cup.

Mrs. Frances Grant, residing at Rock Ferry, near Liverpool, England, has placed the sum of $500,000 in the hands of trustees, directing that the interest accruing therefrom be paid to the deserving poor, without regard to class or creed.

A Chinaman ran wildly through the streets of Cleveland, crying: "My wifey dead—my wifey dead!" She was a white woman, and had committed suicide because, seeing her former husband pass by, she surmised that he was about to have her arrested.

The Woman's Journal calls loudly and well for a "Memorial History of Women in the War," written by women, of what women did and sacrificed for their country, and what they saw in hospitals and camps and on battlefields—of the heavenly side of the war.

A woman named Vince, living at Great Yarmouth, England, went into a store at that place recently, thought the proprietor's face "looked familiar," asked questions, and found that she was talking to her own husband, who went to Australia twenty-eight years ago. They will continue to live apart.

A young girl, possessing fine flowing hair, was looking into a shop window at Bedworth, England, when a boy came running up, lit a match, and deliberately threw it on her head. The girl's hair and bonnet were speedily on fire, and it was only by the assistance of a passer-by that she escaped serious injuries.

"Doctor," said a limping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding-schools, "which do you prefer, tholidity of intellect or brilianthy? Thum admire brillionthy: ath Shakspeare thayth in hith 'Bride of Abydoth,' I prefer tholidity and brilianthy combined." The doctor sank back into the nearest chair and fainted.

A young woman got a free railroad pass at Jackson, Mich., by telling the postmaster that she was a stranger in distress. Next day she reappeared, saying that she had lost the pass and wanted another. An investigation showed that she was a married woman, residing in the city, who desired the tickets for herself and a lover to use in eloping.

Frank Wells, a resident of Illinois, wooed and won a widow residing near Potato Creek. When the hour for the marriage ceremony was close at hand he borrowed a gold ring and six dollars from the widow, and an umbrella from Nathan Turnipseed, and disappeared. To such lengths are persons led by the mania for possessing other people's umbrellas.

The Church Union, in speaking of the cigarette nuisance, remarks that it is not confined to boys, but that men, and even ladies, indulge in it. It adds: "We have seen a lady lay down her cigarette on the piano before playing, and another who held a cup of coffee in one hand and the wood in the other. O for freedom here from 'the smoke that ascendeth for ever and ever!'"

A remarkable wedding occurred in Somerset county, Md., a few days ago, when Ella Shores, a girl of fourteen, married her second husband, H. E. Whyte, a youth of seventeen. Two years ago Ella was married, a month after her mother's death, to her step-father, a farmer of sixty-five, but the bridegroom was soon arrested, convicted and sent to jail. The young bride secured a divorce, and has now married a lover nearer her own age.

"Seen the spring robins yet, Mr. Spicer?" asked a friend. "Well, yes," said the interrogated, thoughtfully; "I have got Mrs. Spicer's milliner's account. It is the biggest spring robbin' bill for a small amount of feathers I have seen; fairly made me quail. I tell you when those people get fowl of a customer they don't sparrer." The questioner had just time to gasp, "What a queer covey—" when a street car came along and swallowed them up.

If a woman talks of dress-goods and millinery, the men say she hasn't a mind above such frivolities; if her conversation be of neighborhood small talk, she is set down as a gossip; if she run on about idle nothings, she is a dunce or a ninny; if she deals with literary or scientific themes, she is a blue-stocking; if she talks politics, she is sneered at as a suffrage-screamer. One might think that the stronger sex was jealous of the weaker, but of course everybody knows it is not so.

News Notes.

President Arthur has purchased a half interest in a New York building lot.

In New York huge sunflowers and lilies are fastened to the new Easter cards.

Statistics accord to Holland 12,000 windmills, which average eight-horse power each.

It is now asserted by certain investigators that apples are more nutritious than potatoes.

The Duke of Cambridge, like every other sensible man, prefers a bill of fare printed in English.

A few Confederate bonds were sold in Columbia, South Carolina, the other day, at $4.75 per $1,000.

In Egypt there are hospitals for superannuated cats, while human suffering scarcely elicits a case.

Nearly 3,000 tons of wrapping-paper were lately made in one month, by 51 mills, in the United States.

It is stated that a South Carolinian has discovered a process of manufacturing quinine from pumpkin.

Reports from Maryland and Delaware continue in favor of a large crop of peaches the coming summer.

At a recent dinner given in New York the colored servants were dressed in the style of a century ago.

In 1831 ostrich feathers were imported to this country to the value of $6,492,003, against $2,500,000 worth in 1870.

The amount of tomatoes to be packed in Maryland next season is estimated to be somewhere about 250,000 cases.

It is said that there are 71,662 Protestant churches in the United States—one for every 473 Protestant population.

In the columns of Berlin papers are frequent notices offering children as presents to whomsoever wishes to adopt them.

The elevated roads in New York now operate 2,220 trains a day, running only one minute apart during the busiest hours.

A church pew was advertised for sale in Rochester, N. Y., recently, "commanding a beautiful view of the entire congregation."

A Denver man stood on a corner and made faces at a funeral procession. A Denver paper characterizes it as a diabolical outrage.

Four Russian grand dukes have subscribed $120,000—of government money—to the fund for erecting a cathedral over the grave of Czar Alexander II.

John F. Chapin died in the New York Hospital recently at the age of 52, of an abcess of the brain, occasioned by a box on the ear when he was a boy.

It is estimated that since the discovery of gold in California in 1848, followed by the opening of rich mines in Australia in 1851, those two countries have furnished to the amount of $4,225,000,000.

A negro man in Christiansburg, Va., is a habitual coal oil drinker. He says in cold weather he often drinks a pint or more at one time, and that the sensation produced is similar to that of intoxicating liquors.

Thirty-one English bishops average a salary of $21,000 each, and 13,739 ministers enjoy benefices yielding an average income of $1,040; but there are four thousand who have an income of less than $750 each.

Wooden shoes are worn in the West, and enough of them are sold to keep a large manufactory going at Green Bay. They are cut out of green basswood, smoked and dried like hams, and sold at 25 cents a pair.

The London correspondent of the New York World says: "It is no secret that the Queen's health has lately been failing her, and that her nerves are by no means so strong as they were when Oxford tried to shoot her."

It is stated that the pistol now in use in the British army and navy is likely to be discarded in favor of a weapon with a quadruple cartridge, which will yield the advantage of easier and more rapid loading, no escape of gas, and less liability to accident.

A Washington correspondent says that in the United States Supreme Court it costs about a dollar for the clerk to look at you, and another dollar to get out of his sight. A clerkship in that court is worth more than the salaries of four of the justices, or over $40,000 a year.

A truly giant water-lily was recently found in Lake Nuna, in Peru. The leaf had a circumference of nearly 20 feet, and weighed between 13 and 14 pounds. A flower was four feet two inches round and weighed 3 1-2 pounds; its outer petals were nine inches long.

A man in Shasta county, California, owns a cow that is believed to be a cross between cow and deer. She is of small stature, with head, nose, legs and feet greatly resembling a deer. She is a famous milker, and from the cream she yields nine pounds of butter are made per week.

Asa Briggs died a few days ago at Shutesbury, Mass. Conscious of his approaching end, he desired that a certain minister living in a neighboring town should attend his burial services, giving as a reason: "They say he's a good hand at a funeral, and I'd like to hear him just once."

Every one will be glad to know that some thief has stolen, in St. Louis, and probably destroyed the manuscript of a lecture entitled "The Birth, Mission and Destiny of the Great American Republic, as Foreshadowed in the Sacred Scriptures and the White Horse of Revelation, so Vividly Foretold in the Gorgeous Symbolic Language of St. John."

Don't be Alarmed

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver, or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

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HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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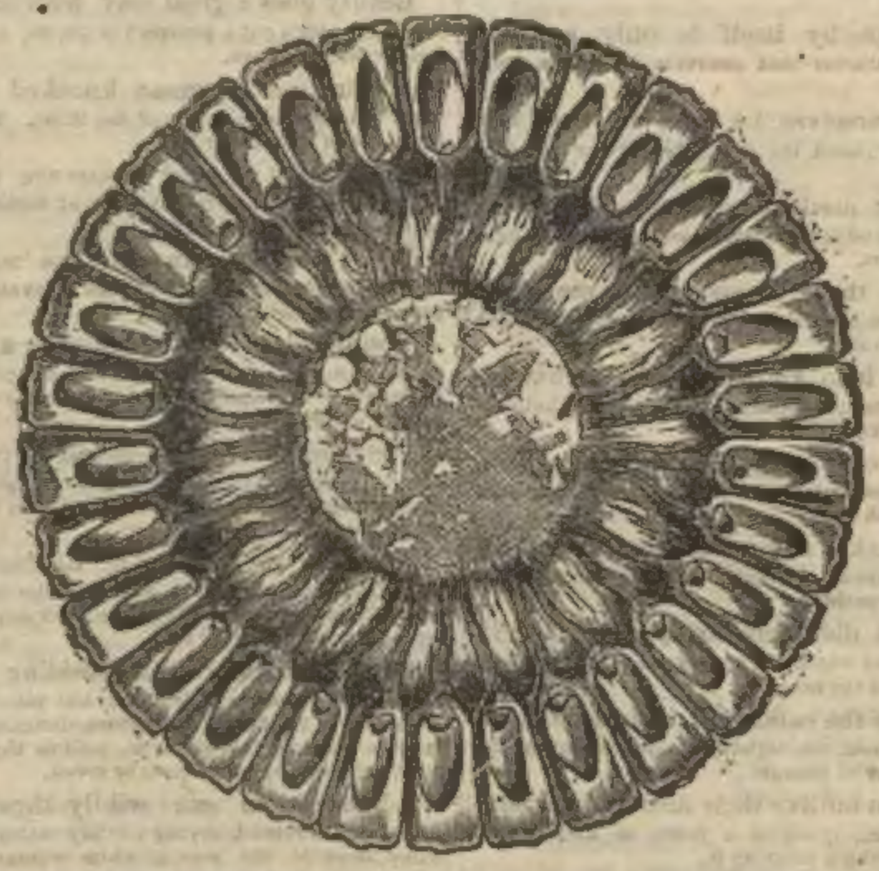

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THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

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E. G. RIDEOUT & CO'S SOLID ALUMINIUM GOLD-CASED WATCHES.

THE BEST WATCHES IN AMERICA.

The cases of these Watches are made from a metal discovered in Switzerland, February 19th, 1878, and we are now introducing it for the first time in this country.

Aluminium is the only metal discovered that keeps its color and never tarnishes. It costs more than other so-called metals, the foundation of which is brass and grows black after a short time.

Our Aluminium cases contain a percentage of pure gold, without which no metal can be made that will keep its color. Life-long experiments have disclosed the fact that a certain percentage of gold used in conjunction with several other metals, will produce a metal equal in appearance and durability to pure gold, though not of the same intrinsic value.

The works of these Watches, like the works of all our Watches, are of the best make of American Watches. The cases so closely resemble gold, both in density and color, that the most skillful jewelers cannot detect the difference. They retain their brilliancy as long as gold. They are jeweled and well finished, and taken altogether present the same appearance as a Gold Watch worth $100. Previous to September last we invariably charged $18 to $20 to citizens coming into our store, and they had abundant opportunities for examining them.

Beautiful and well-finished Chains of the same metal, at $3, $4, $5 and $6 each. Chains are sold at half-price when ordered with the Watches, or by the half-dozen. No other house in the world offers Watches at so low a price, and we are enabled to do this because we buy the movements direct from the manufacturers, and manufacture our own cases. Moreover, all our Watches are good time-keepers. We send none out but those which have been tested by our workmen for a considerable length of time. No Watch is allowed to leave this establishment, no matter how pressing the order may be, until it has been thoroughly overhauled, regulated, and made to correspond with the standard time-keeper. Therefore, those who purchase of us have every right to expect a first-class time-keeper for their money; and they may depend upon it that we will make every exertion to meet their anticipation.

We claim the following merits for the Watches sold in our establishment, and for those sent abroad:

1. That they will not vary if wound up regularly.
2. That the cases will retain the color of gold as long as worn.
3. That the best jewelers cannot distinguish them from gold Watches.
4. That the jewels are genuine and not false.
5. That the movement is the genuine American.

In short, we claim for our Watches every merit that is claimed for any Gold Watch costing $150 or $200.

The Movements are all Encased in Aluminium Gold Cases, of the latest patterns. No jewelry, however high in price, surpasses this in beauty, workmanship, or in any respect except the value. It equals that of gold, which costs nearly ten times as much. The discovery of this compound was characterized by all the leading jewelers as well as ourselves, as being invaluable, for the reason that millions of dollars' worth of gold was annually worked into jewelry and watch cases, thereby taking from circulation that immense amount of money, which has kept the European and American money markets cramped for coin. The importance of the discovery of this compound for gold can be seen at a glance by all educated people, as it will, in every case, answer the purpose of VIRGIN GOLD, except for the coining of money. For that, of course, it will not answer, for the reason that virgin gold is the basis of all values, and this being a composition, has no standard value, or we could not afford to encase the movements of the Watch with this Gold Metal, and sell the watches complete for that price, as the works are the same as in a genuine gold case.

CAUTION.—We wish to caution the public against firms who have become jealous of our large sales of this watch and have copied our advertisement, and offer at $6.50. Allow us to say, right here, that they are the very cheapest of brass cases, and the movements are worthless. If any of our customers want the watch advertised by these firms, we will be glad to sell them for $5.50 each; so don't pay $6.50 for a brass watch when you can get one for $5.50.

TESTIMONIALS.—We submit the following extracts of letters from parties at a distance, whom we never saw, and of whom we know nothing except that we dealt with them by mail and express. Those who desire to assure themselves of the genuineness of the testimonials, will do well to address the parties. We have too many letters of this sort, from different parts of the country, to resort to the usual method of writing out fictitious ones:

ELMIRA, N. Y., January 31st, 1880.

Dear Sirs—I have been a conductor on the N. Y. Central R. R. for the past fifteen years. In that time I have had several Watches in my possession; some were good, but most of them were wanting in one or more of the qualities of a reliable Watch. I ordered one of your Watches in May, last year. I have run my train by it every day since. I wind it up regularly at 12 M., and it has not varied half a minute during the time it has been in my possession. It retains its original color, and in every respect is the best Watch I ever had. You may publish this if it will promote your interests.

HIRAM FORBES.

WESTON, Mo., November 30, 1879.

Dear Sirs—As you requested me to give my opinion of the Watches which you sent me some time ago, I am pleased to state that I am delighted with them. I want the exclusive agency for this county, and will give up my whole time to selling Watches hereafter. Watches sell well in the Western country, and bring high prices. I can manage to sell at least two a day, and realize at least $25. If I had check enough to represent them as gold, I could get five times what I do for them, but I like to act on the square. Enclosed you will find $5, and I want you to send me six more. Also, forward one dozen chains at $2 each, 50 per cent. off. WM. R. WRIGHT.

EDENS RIDGE, Tenn., February 16, 1880.

MESSRS. E. G. R. & Co.—*Gents*—I received the Watch last night, and hasten to notify you. As to the result after seeing it, I will just say, "she is a daisy." Am more than pleased with it. I will raise another club as soon as I can. Want some other Jewelry, and maybe another Watch as premiums. Yours, very truly, W. H. DICKSON.

JACKSON, Mich., October 20th, 1879.

I received your six Watches all right the day before yesterday, and have sold them all but one. I am perfectly delighted with them, and all those to whom I have sold them express themselves perfectly satisfied. E. HUGHES.

NOBLE, Mich., August 2d, 1880.

Dear Sirs—I sold the Aluminium Gold Watch that I ordered of you some time ago, this day, for $34.50. Will send for a dozen soon. F. W. SALISBURY.

BELLE VERNON, Pa., July 25th, 1881.

E. G. RIDEOUT & Co.—*Gentlemen*—I am in receipt of the Premium Aluminium Gold Watch, and to say that I am delighted with it is simply the truth. It is much better than I expected. While it will be scarcely possible for me to work much if any for you before fall, allow me to express my respect and gratitude to you for the faithful performance of all your promises.

With the highest respect, your friend, V. H. FURNIER.

COTTONWOOD POINT, Mo., November 3, 1881.

MESSRS. E. G. RIDEOUT & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York—*Dear Sirs*—The Aluminium Gold Watch I ordered October the 15th, 1880, has given entire satisfaction. I can get a good farm horse for it.

Respectfully, G. L. ASHLIN.

MCLELLANSVILLE, S. C., July 28th, 1881.

E. G. RIDEOUT & Co.—*Gents*—The Aluminium Gold Watch came safely to hand by mail of the 25th inst. I am *more than pleased* with its appearance and workmanship. Yours, &c., J. B. LELAND, P. M.

GREAT FALLS, N. H., March 9th, 1881.

Gents—The Aluminium Gold-cased Watch which I ordered of you four months since was received in due time, and I am perfectly satisfied with it. It retains its original color perfectly, and is the best time-keeper I ever owned. Every one supposes my watch is solid gold, and cost $100 or more. With best wishes, I remain, very truly yours. C. E. JEFFREY.

We have thousands of such letters at our office, and we have not by any means selected the most flattering. If we wished we could fill this whole paper with similar letters.

OUR TERMS.—The price of each Watch is $15, or three for $30, six for $50, twelve for $90. No house in the world offers such Watches at such a price. We are enabled to do this because we manufacture our own cases, and the movements are made to our order.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.—Send money by Registered Letter, P. O Order, or Bank Draft at our risk. If you want Watches sent C. O. D. you must remit at least $1 to $5 with the order, to insure us against loss of express charges in case you do not pay the C. O. D.

Persons living away from an express office can have their Watches sent by registered mail by sending full amount with the order, and 15 cts to pay postage and registration. When sent by mail registered they are as safe as by express.

☞ **READ, DECIDE, AND ACT.**—In order to get our Aluminium Gold Metal Watches introduced throughout the country, we will make the following offer to all who contemplate taking an agency. **We will forward one of our Watches as a sample with a splendid Chain, for $10, which is $7 less than the retail price,** and $7 less than we ever offered a sample one before. We do this for the reason that we well know if a person buys one we will surely send him half a dozen or a dozen next time; we have never known it to fail. Please do not confound our **ALUMINIUM** Gold-case Watch with the cheap metal and utterly worthless Watches sold by some dealers in Watches. Note the price to you. **Sample Stem-Winder and Stem Setter, with Chain, $12; Key-Winder, $10, with Chain.** Address all orders to

E. C. RIDEOUT & CO., 13 Barclay Street, New York, and mention this paper.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

AMONGST the bonnets which are preparing for early spring I may mention the little capote, covered with violets, lilies, or roses, and these in their turn, puffed or veiled over with black lace.

Also the large poke, bending straight forward over the face like a coal-scuttle without sides, made with a crown of pink plush, and a brim of drawn pink crape, lined with pink plush, the whole covered with pink feathers.

Jetted and bugled capotes are also worn: they are jetted and bugled on silk or satin: a fringe of jetted or bugled lace trims the brim, and the strings match. A bunch of flowers or mara-bouts, or feather tips, is placed on one side.

There is a reaction from the large collars, bows, and fichus that have been worn for some time past: and some very elegant women make a point of wearing nothing but a high linen collar or ruche, extending not more than half an inch above the hussar collar, with no bow in front, only a simple brooch, or sometimes a necklace of ancient coins, or fancy or silver ornaments sewed on velvet.

There are several new mantle stuffs. Sultane, which has a corded ground with a brocade, and is very handsome, and the velvet gauzes, which requires lining, but are about as rich and effective a fabric as can well be.

Sultane being made up into visites, viz., capes with long ends, the shoulder pieces set in high and full, and upstanding lace ruffs at the throat. They are trimmed with Spanish lace, jet, and rat's tail chenille. Another novelty in mantles is a short jacket covered over with drop buttons, and heavily trimmed with lace and fringe.

For the demi-saison mantles will be made either of black satin or camel's hair and trimmed with frills of the same material—gathered, not plaited—and frills of Spanish or Grenada blonde headed with chenille ruches.

For morning wear such mantles are made of Cheviot cloth; they have loose mantilla fronts, square sides producing the effect of square sleeves, the back lying smoothly over the tournure and of even length, with the front falling just below the hips all around.

Tan chevrette kid gloves of two or three shades are worn over the narrow dress sleeves for day, reaching almost to the elbow. There are two, and sometimes three, buttons at the wrist, and the rest of the glove is shaped to the arm. These gloves are worn with all colored dresses. The gants de Suede are now rarely seen except in the evening.

For walking dresses no colors are more suitable than myrtle-green, dark-grenat or seal-brown. Such a costume looks very well in dark-grenat cashmere embroidered with black silk in satin stitch. The skirt is edged with a very wide flounce with a large ruched heading, care being taken not to make the flounce too full, and so spoil the effect of the embroidery.

The draped tunic is richly embroidered at the edge, and is caught upon the left side much higher than on the right, and leaves the whole of the flounce visible, except behind, where it is partly covered with black drapery, which is embroidered to match at the edge: the long basques of the corsage are embroidered, and are open at the back, the opening being filled with pleats of the grenat satin. The cuffs and collar are embroidered also; the hat is grenat felt, lined and draped with plush to match, and trimmed with two old gold-feathers.

A richer out-door costume, which could be worn as a reception dress, is of myrtle-green satin and moire. The upper part of the satin skirt is gauged, then the material forms a very wide bouillonne, and is gauged again, and finally falls in a wide flounce: the back drapery forms a semi-train behind edged with two pleatings. The corsage is of moire, with short points in front, the side-pieces being prolonged into two long ends which reach the edge of the skirt, and form a frame for the train. The wide shawl collar is of myrtle velvet; the sash bow behind being of the same. The tight-fitting sleeves are quite plain and covered by the gauntlets of the long gloves. The myrtle velvet that is trimmed with moire ribbon.

All cuirasse bodies, whether straight or pointed, are still edged with a scarf drapery which is set on in three ways: Firstly, tied straight over the hips like an ordinary scarf, with the ends tied sashwise at the back. Secondly, this scarf is opened in front, and is then gathered very full round the edge of the pointed body. It is then looped up like curtains, and the ends are arranged in a series of loops at the back, forming thus a graceful drapery over the skirt.

Thirdly, the scarf is laid on in five or seven folds round the hips, and is arranged in loops and draperies at the back. With this style separate strips of material may be used, as the joining seams are not seen in the folds: and thus are convenient for restored dresses, when large lengths and widths of material are of rare occurance.

Scarf trimmings are worn over plain skirts, panel skirts, flounced skirts, and kilt skirts.

Kilt skirts are preferred for heavy woolen materials; flounced skirts for cashmere and other light woolen materials; and panel-skirts for brocades, velvet, plush, and heavy fancy materials. Kilt skirts are kilted the entire width of the material, and thus form the whole of the skirt of a cloth costume.

Flounces may be as immense as you please. They vary from three (the lowest number) to eighteen (the highest number). Flounces may fall over each other, thus completely concealing each heading; with a row or two of gathers or puffs.

Panels, when they are used, are placed on each side of the skirt, and are open both back and front. In front they are loose from the skirt, but they are fastened to the skirt at the back.

In the midst of the back opening, between the panels, are placed all the puffs and draperies of the train (or short skirt, whichever it be), looking as if they were bursting through the open space. The front of panel dresses is generally plain or gathered. At the bottom, however, is a very full plaited frill, headed by a still fuller and very wide ruching.

Besides panels, flounces, and scarves, tunics are also in favor.

One need but glance in the shop windows to discover that embroidery is to take the place of trimming-laces on summer dresses; cambrics, nainsooks and Swiss muslins are embroidered by machine, and the same design is brought out in three different widths with insertions to match, so that it will be easy to trim both underlinen and dresses. Open patterns in imitation of different laces will be preferred to close patterns, as embroideries are now brought out, which imitate guipure, Honiton, Irish point, Venetian point, and point d'Elbe, with their various characteristics.

Guipure patterns are in floral designs, Honiton patterns are in fine nainsook, so completely covered that the most lace-like effect is produced.

The Irish and Venetian points are intended to lie flat, without gathers, and will be used on silk and foulards, while thicker lace embroideries will be gathered as flounces on self-colored cambrics. The point d'Elbe has its large leaves finished off with button-hole scallops, usually worked by hand.

The furore for imitating lace designs is so marked that even the well-known tatting patterns are copied in cambric embroidery. Yokes for bodies, tabliers, and cuffs are also prepared in alternate stripes of cobweb pattern and thick embroidery, which prove most effective.

Lace designs are also copied in the new ribbons that will be introduced for trimming straw bonnets. Mauresque lace patterns are used more than any other, and arabesques, leaves, roses, etc., are made open and transparent, while the ribbon is of thick soft silk.

The arabesques, great roses, and leaf patterns of Spanish laces are perfectly copied, and a soft, light, lace-like trimming is the result, that will be effective on the bonnets of English and Tuscan straw. Trimming ribbons are wider than those of last season, and will measure 3in. to 4in. Another new ribbon combines faille *seduisante* with the lace patterns and with satin; thus, the centre stripe will be faille; a lace stripe edges this on one side, while on the other side is satin with brocaded small flowers or leaves. There are also ribbons that are moire half their width, and the mauresque lace designs make up the other half; sometimes a watered stripe is through the middle of the ribbon, and there are lace stripes on each edge. Lace designs in one color, however, promises to be the favorite, as all the new shades are seen in these patterns of ribbon 3in. wide.

Fireside Chat.

INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

THE floss silk embroidery that comes to this country from India is universally admired; but perhaps few ladies know that is not difficult to imitate. It makes an interesting and not expensive work, the effect well repaying the trouble. Trimmings can be made of it for costumes, opera cloaks etc., and it would be a novelty for those who are tired of working and wearing the universal crewel and outline work that has been so fashionable lately.

I subjoin instructions as to materials, stitch, and way of preparing pattern, etc., for those who may choose to try it. The best material to use for Indian embroidery is merino or cashmere, but any soft fabric would do, such as fine serge, or twilled flannel, but it ought always to be the same as the garment you intend the trimming for. For floss silk, which is too expensive, either filoselle or loose-spun knitting silk can be substituted, perhaps crewel silk might do if twisted. Use a fine darning needle, and, if working with filoselle, divide the threads, taking three strands to a needleful, which will make it about the thickness of floss silk.

If the embroidery silk is too coarse the work will look heavy, therefore, if you use knitting silk, which cannot be divided like filoselle, obtain it of the consistency of floss silk. In working a strip of embroidery for a dress or cloak trimming, first tear the material into strips of the proper width (allowing half an inch at each side for turning down) join them by laying the edges over each other about a quarter of an inch (first tearing off the selvedge), then run down close to each edge with a thread of fine worsted, the same shade as material. Do not turn in a lay, it will make the join thick and clumsy.

Turn down half an inch on each side of the strip in a single lay, and run along it with a thread of the same worsted; then work a narrow border close to the edge of the material at one side, and about an inch from the edge at the other, leaving room for an ornamentation, which generally heads Indian embroidery. You can omit this ornamentation if you like, and, in that case, put the upper border as close to the edges as the lower one. Now sketch in the design; you had better begin by copying and adapting any Indian patterns you can get, and you will soon be able to make them for yourself. Outline the principal parts of the pattern in French chalk (if the material is white use colored chalk, outline on the wrong side) such as pine apples, branches, etc., and then run over with a thread of white or colored silk, and rub off the chalk. This is all the design you require, the rest must be worked in as you go along. Do not trouble about great exactness; no two sections of an Indian pattern are ever quite the same.

Having prepared a certain quantity of material in this manner, stretch a portion on a frame; the frame of a drawing slate is best; get one rather wider than the width of the material, and sew on with white or grey fingering worsted; it cuts the material less than thread. Draw every stitch as tight as you can, and stretch your material well. This basis of the embroidery is a single long stitch of various sizes, and the grounding consists of the same stitch in groups of two, three, or more. In working a "pine apple" insert the needle at the top and work down one side, then return and go down the other. Begin a "flower" by marking the points by a single long stitch from the tip of the point to the centre; commence at the top of centre point, and work down to the lowest part, then up to meet the second point, and so on, till half the flower is worked; do the other half the same. When the principal part of the design is finished, fill in empty spaces with conventional flowers, buds, and leaves, according to taste, and then ground.

Cover your material pretty closely in grounding, for the thicker the grounding the richer the embroidery will look. When the grounding is done, work the ornamentation above the upper border, cut the material off the frame, and stretch the next part. There are two methods of working this embroidery; one is done the same way as satin stitch, putting as much silk on the wrong side as on the right. The other, which is more economical, is worked up and down the needle at each stitch as little of the material as possible; this saves the silk much. Both methods have the same effect on the right side, but the latter takes rather longer time. Either black, cream-white, or colored silks may be used, but black should not be mixed with color. The most beautiful of Indian embroidery is the pure white, which goes with any color of material. When working with colored silks ground with the same color and shade as the material. Mingle colors according to taste; magenta and scarlet, blue and green you see side by side in Indian work. The colors most in use are blues, greens, various reds (not pink), amber, and old-gold, verging into a yellow brown.

Those latter take the place of yellow, which is not often used, neither is purple. When the trimming is finished press it under a heavy weight, or pass a lukewarm iron over it with something between. Do not use a hot iron, it will flatten the embroidery; the best way is to press till the material is quite smooth; it will look puckered a little when first taken off the frame. This embroidery will either French clean or dye when it gets soiled; have seen both done with success.

BED POCKETS.—A pretty style is to make them in velvet, light or dark, according to the color of the furniture. The shape is cut in cardboard, pointed at one end and rounded at the top, then covered in material and lined. The curved piece is attached to form the pocket, having previously been ornamented with a beaded pattern to match the one above. On one pocket of crimson velvet the sunoflwer is represented in crystal beads, each petal tipped with two chalk beads, gold ones filling in the heart; a vandyke of white beads outlines the whole, and forms the hanging loop. On an oatmeal ground the same blossom is wrought with rays of gold silk and centres of garnet beads red and gold cord surround the edge. Two smaller ones of horn shape compose the set, and serve as tidies for the hairpins and the hair. Very often the pincushion is worked in keeping.

Correspondence.

DIEB.—See answer to Ganymede.

A. J. W., (Preston, Ind.)—It is published in this city.

C. G. L.—Address same as F. G. F. 2. December 31, 1862.

SUB., (Palmetto, Ga.)—We have never heard anything of the kind.

C. A. Y., (Palmetto, Tenn.)—We cannot furnish the tales in book form.

MEM., (York, Pa.)—H. W. Longfellow wrote "Excelsior," not Tennyson.

F. G. F., (Canaan, N. Y.)—Write to Queen & Co., Opticians, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. F., (Murdock, Me.)—We find the fact to be as you state. These things, however, will happen in spite of all we do to prevent them.

ADA, (San Francois, Mo.)—Write to Landreth & Co., agricultural implements, Philadelphia, Pa.

I. W. PRICE, (Sweetwater, Ill.)—All you have to do is to engage a lawyer. He will know how to go about settling the matter.

DELF, (Thick Rock, Ky.)—Canvas, such as painters use, is made of flax or hemp, and bleached or unbleached, as the case may be.

K. D., (Southport, Conn.)—It seems very evident that something is wrong. Whatever the cause under the circumstances you can do nothing but wait for developments.

GANYMEDE, (South Quay, Va.)—There is a premium on the coins of about fifteen cents on the dollar. Write to E. Mason & Co., Coin Dealers, North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAMMONTON, (Norfolk, Va.)—Of our personal knowledge we know nothing about it, although that section of the State contains much valuable property. Write for particulars to the County Clerk, Atlantic county, New Jersey.

HARRY, (Luzerne, Pa.)—If you consider your affections to be firmly fixed on the young lady, there is no impropriety in telling her so, or of entering into an engagement if she is willing. Of course you are too young to arrange for an early marriage.

A. A. A., (Clarkton, Mo.)—An inch of rain an hour would be considered a pretty heavy rainfall. It is impossible to answer your other question on rain, as there are no records on the subject. 2. Lavater. His books can be procured at any first-class bookstore.

INQUIRER.—No. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. That is, if a subscriber sends $2.00 for POST one year and Diamante premium, he or she cannot get the picture by adding fifteen cents. To get the picture you must send an additional subscription.

ANNIE M., (Trenton, N. J.)—We are much afraid that he has found someone else more to his liking. Under the circumstances in which you are both situated, it seems like studied neglect. By no means take the initiative; it might expose you to insult or annoyance.

H. W. W., (Baltimore, Md.)—It is most probably produced by a certain nervous sensitiveness, accompanied, perhaps, by a want of confidence in your own powers. Constant mixture in company and joining in the conversation will, in course of time, cure you of the habit. 4. Your writing is very good.

NELSON, (Richmond, Va.)—The duties of an understeward are in some respects similar to those of a waiter in a hotel. He has to attend to the wants of the passengers in the eating and drinking department of the ship, assist during dinner in the cabin, and make himself useful in any way his superior may direct. The salary depends upon your efficiency.

J. H. B., (Waterford, Minn.)—This correspondent says that over thirty years ago his wife used to hear in England the expression about "Dick's hatband" thus: "As awkward as Dick's hatband, which went seven times round and *then* wouldn't tie,"—referring to the custom there of wearing a band of crape loosely placed around the hat of the followers at funerals.

THERESA, (Norristown, Pa.)—You are both very young and foolish, and lovers sometimes quarrel more often before marriage, than after. Give him no cause for jealousy, and when you marry—as it seems from your letter very certain you will do—always keep two bears in your home—bear and forbear. If you both attend to their teachings, you will be happy enough.

A. J. T., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The lines you speak of are in "Othello," and are uttered by Iago; they run thus:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine—'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

SEMPER IDEM, (Overton, Ga.)—You express yourself very well in prose, but we cannot honestly commend your poetry. Your talent does not lie in the direction of the Muses. 2. Read the best authors, and go into society as much as you can. There is no other way of securing what you want than the above. 3. Write to Claxton & Co., Publishers, this city. 4. La Rasa Latina, Novelades, La Independencia, New York city.

HISTORICUS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You ask what kind of business "practicing for intelligence" was in former days, and mention the case of an English gentleman, sent by Queen Elizabeth to the Court of Philip II., "to practice for intelligence," and desire to know what that gentleman had to do in order to carry out his instructions. He had to play the spy and bribe the officers of Philip's court to betray their master's secrets. In those days nearly every government in Europe had its spies and paid correspondents in other courts.

FREDERICK C., (Washington, D. C.)—1. The stars do not twinkle of themselves: the appearance is caused by the atmosphere of the earth, through which we see their light. 2. As a knowledge of music, however imperfect, dates back for about 2,500 years, it is impossible to say who was the original inventor. The Egyptians possessed musical instruments, and the invention of the lyre is ascribed by them to Hermes Trismegistus. A Greek poet, who lived B. C. 671, is said to have introduced musical characters and notation, and many centuries later, Guido, an Italian monk, invented the gamut. 3. The ticking sound is made by the mandible of the insect.